Together

What of Aging Parents?

'My Country 'Tis of Thee'

Keep Church Doors Open?

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In this, its centennial year of statehood, Oregon fondly recalls the unusual story of

The Mission Rose

Anna Maria Pittman Lee: *Her favorite wedding gift was a withered rosebush—which she never saw bloom.*

ROSES of all varieties abound Oregon's Willamette River Val And in all that area, from Eug north to Portland, no bloom is richly rooted in Oregon history the Mission Rose, named and plan by Anna Maria Pittman, wife of m sionary Jason Lee [see *Why Ore Remembers Jason Lee,* page 30].

The original plant supposedly longed to Mrs. Alanson Beers, one 12 in a missionary party that mad 10-month voyage in 1836-37 from H ton around South America to H Vancouver (Vancouver, Wash.) a down the Willamette to Lee's str gling mission 60 miles south. M Beers cherished the rose, her o luxury from the East. Yet a few we later she graciously gave it to An whose marriage to Lee was Orego first Christian wedding betwe Americans. Anna nursed the withe bush through the winter but ne saw it bloom; she died in childbi the next June. Others cared for however, and mission visitors beg taking cuttings to their homes.

The mission later was abandon but still the bush flourished. Tod cuttings grow in countless garde

And this summer as Oregon ce brates its 100th year as a state, important high light will be the 5 annual Rose Festival in Portla "The City of Roses." No better cho could have been made: At Method Jason Lee's tiny missionary outp began both the Mission Rose a Oregon's march to statehood.

Rose Festival Queen, 1958: *Minister's daughter Ruth Parrett is a coed at Willamette University, founded by Anna Maria's husband, missionary Jason Lee.*

The Mission Ro
as painted by French art
Pierre-Joseph Redou

Rosa centifolia.

P. J. Redouté pinx.

Calling Color Photographers

IT'S THAT time again! The third great reader-participation pictorial for which you've so generously shared your color transparencies with TOGETHER starts on page 36. Now it's time to start working toward the fourth, for publication in 1960.

Here is the theme. Paste this reverent and beautiful poem, attributed to Ralph Waldo Emerson, in your hat—or your handba take it along on your vacation, and keep near as the year goes by to remind you click the shutter every time you see a sce or situation that will turn one of its phra into a picture. It is an "assignment" th can be an exciting challenge to your pictu taking skill—and your creative imaginatio

FATHER IN HEAVEN,
WE THANK THEE

For flowers that bloom about our feet
For tender grass, so fresh and sweet
For song of bird and hum of bee
For all things fair we hear or see—
Father in heaven, we thank thee!

For blue of stream, for blue of sky
For pleasant shade of branches high
For fragrant air and cooling breeze
For beauty of the blowing trees—
Father in heaven, we thank thee!

For mother love, for father care,
For brothers strong and sisters fair
For love at home and school each day
For guidance lest we go astray—
Father in heaven, we thank thee!

For thy dear, everlasting arms
That bear us o'er all ills and harms
For blessed words of long ago
That help us now thy will to know—
Father in heaven, we thank thee!

This photo by Winston Pote could be one way to picture the words "For song of bird."

Send up to 10 transparencies (not prints or Kodacolor negatives). We'll pay $25 for 35-mm. slides used, $35 for larger sizes, reproduction rights and original transparencies to become TOGETHER's property (duplicates for your file). Loose stamps f return postage should be enclosed, plea We'll use all reasonable care in handli your slides and all transparencies that a not selected for use will be returned.

All transparencies must be received by February 10, 1960. But don't wait! Send your slides early to PHOTO EDITOR, TOGETHER, 740 N. RUSH ST., CHICAGO 11, ILL.

apanese Conference Opens June 23

Official sessions of the Pacific Japanese visional Annual Conference will open lay earlier this year, Thursday morn-, to give lay groups all of Saturday. ner changes will include the reading appointments following the Sunday rning service.

Host for this year's meeting is Wesley urch, San Jose. Preliminary sessions l open Tuesday morning, June 23. at evening will feature ministers' and meetings. An Issei meeting is sched-d for Wednesday evening.

First official gathering will be the mmunion service at 9 a.m. Thursday, th Bishop Tippett presiding. Reports d the usual warm fellowship of this nference will feature Thursday and day, with banquets both evenings and Nisei mass meeting Friday.

Boards of Lay Activities and WSCS of th Issei and Nisei groups will use urday to elect officers and discuss their ograms. The Nisei plan recreation and arbecue dinner at the John D. Crum-y home and then will hear a talk on e National Methodist Family Life Con-ence by Mr. and Mrs. Sho Shimotsu of est Los Angeles.

Bishop Tippett will preach Sunday orning, then ordain candidates for the ministry. The afternoon will include final reports, district meetings and a youth rally.

The Loomis Church, only Japanese church to bear the name of First Methodist, has voted to become completely self-supporting, beginning June 1.

Men's Clubs Set Pace

More than a year ahead of schedule, the quadrennial goal of 12,500 active Methodist Men clubs was reached with the chartering of Trinity Church, Mountain View, in April.

First officers of the new group are William Degenhardt, president; Howard Buswell, vice-president; Nugent Kunkel, treasurer; Boyd Martin, secretary, and Frank Glann, reporter.

It was reported that California-Nevada Conference, with 199 clubs, ranks 19th among 102 conferences in the number of men's groups.

New president of the Inter-City Methodist Men group is William Davis of First Church, Redwood City. The group meets for luncheon every fourth Wednesday noon at Glide Church, San Francisco.

he 12,500th charter for Methodist Men as presented in April to Trinity Church, ountain View, at a gathering of men om six churches. From left are Ed White, president at First Church, Palo Alto; Dr. Clare N. Pettit, conference lay leader; Richard Briggs, San Jose District lay leader; William Degenhardt, president.

Cal-Nev to Pick General Conference Delegates

Lay and ministerial members of California-Nevada Conference are to be occupied in mid-June with a heavy schedule of annual session business and program. The agenda includes election of General and Jurisdictional Conference delagates, continued action on conference reorganization and the budget, as well as regular reports.

The session will open at 9 a.m., Tuesday, June 16, with communion, on College of the Pacific campus and will close the following Sunday with reading of pastoral appointments.

Bishop Tippett will lead the morning devotions Wednesday through Saturday, will address the new class of ministers Saturday and will preach at the Sunday morning service.

Guest speaker Wednesday through Friday evenings will be Bishop Lloyd C. Wicke of Pittsburg Area.

Other program features will include the ministers' orientation banquet, Monday evening; Japanese Conference Day, Wednesday; Federation for Social Action dinner, Tuesday; public relations directors' dinner, Friday; Laymen's Day, Friday, and Youth Day, Saturday. A 24-hour prayer vigil will begin at 9 a.m. Monday.

Both plenary sessions and six sections will consider reports including:

Memorials to General Conference.

Finishing touches to the conference reorganization plan adopted a year ago.

A redistricting study report, which will recommend no changes this year.

An annual budget of $1,319,000, up 9½ per cent from last year's, with the major increases proposed for World Service, church extension, student centers, ministers' death benefit plan, Southern California School of Theology.

On Sunday, June 21, meetings will be in the downtown Stockton Civic Auditorium, highlighted by the great worship service at 10:30 a.m. Choirs from some 50 churches will be represented in the massed choir, directed by the Rev. Walter Swearengin of San Leandro. The offering has been designated for the Youth Camp Grounds at Seoul, Korea, and for the Ralph Ward Memorial Church in Kowloon.

Pastors' School at COP

Fifth annual session of the Western Jurisdiction School for Approved Supply Pastors is slated for July 29-August 25 at College of the Pacific. The Rev. Frank A. Lindhorst of COP will again be dean.

MPH Plans Expansion

Major changes in San Francisco for The Methodist Publishing House have been announced, including personnel moves.

To care for anticipated growth, the city eventually will have one of six regional service centers and continue to have one of 15 local retail stores, but the operations will be separated, according to Lovick Pierce, president and publisher.

E. M. McNeill, manager here since 1942, retired June 1. He is a member of Glide Church, San Francisco.

J. E. Bain, Los Angeles store manager, became Western Region manager, and the San Francisco house manager is Ernest G. Chandler, Jr., of Nashville.

Other changes include Charles R. Custer of Los Angeles to be regional sales manager; Thomas B. Cherrington of St. Luke's Church, Richmond, promoted to head regional shipping; Elvera S. Keller of Temple Church, San Francisco, promoted to regional office manager; Louena B. Bailey, promoted to field representative; Nancy J. Humphrey of Central Church, San Francisco, promoted to literature representative.

Future of the 52-year-old publishing house building at 85 McAllister Street, which also houses Methodist Headquarters, is uncertain.

Death Claims Six

Only 12 days after he was the honored personality at the annual Showcase of Church History, the Rev. Bert J. Morris died April 28 in Berkeley. He was 84.

A member of California-Nevada Conference since 1908, Dr. Morris was professor of philosophy at College of the Pacific, where he also served as dean and in 1909-10 as acting president. From 1920 to 1925 he was director of religious education at Trinity Church, Berkeley, and a co-founder of the Wesley Foundation movement. He served other educational, pastoral and editorial posts prior to retirement in 1947.

Death came also to two long-active laymen, a retired pastor and two ministers' wives.

Katsuji Goto, 83, who died March 22, was the father of the Rev. Taro Goto, superintendent of Pacific Japanese Provisional Conference; of the Rev. Masaji Goto of California Street Church, Denver, and of Mrs. Susumu Kuwano, widow of a conference member. He was a member of Fresno Japanese Church.

Richard Ernest Veall of Pittsburg, died March 16, at 86 years. He was born in England and joined the Wesley Methodist Church 70 years ago. He and Mrs. Veall celebrated their 61st wedding anniversary last October 28.

The Rev. Fusao Sakaizawa, who was pastor of Tacoma Japanese Church 1909-10, died in April at Chicago.

Mrs. Jun Fujimori, wife of the pa at Ontario, Ore., died May 9 after extended illness.

Mrs. W. T. Menard, wife of a Cali nia-Nevada Conference minister who tired in 1948, died May 14 at Fresn

Bishop Phones Speech

The unique experience of deliverin speech by telephone was Bishop Tipp on May 5 when, from San Francisco addressed the Men's Club of Tem Israel in Miami, Fla.

The program included a conve tion between the bishop and the rabb the subject of *How Can Religious Lea Prepare Their Followers for Living Nuclear Age?"*

Mission-Minded Travelers on Upswin

World traveling among California-Nevada Methodists appears to be growing.

Mr. and Mrs. Earle Menker of First Church, Oakland, widely known for their pictorial reports of mission work around the world, have returned from a globe-circling trip of two months. They visited several South African and Asian countries and returned via Alaska.

The conference will be represented by two ministers in the Centenary Mission to Japan this summer, to help organize a church in a rural village. They are the Rev. George D. Goodwin of Central Church, Stockton, and the Rev. Myron G. Herrell of Burlingame.

In April, the Rev. Jun Fujimori of Ontario, Ore., and the Rev. J. K. Sasaki of West Los Angeles participated in a joint Board of Evangelism-Board of Missions project in Hawaii.

Sterling Redman of Burlingame has been on an early summer tour of Africa with the Rev. John R. Wilkins of General Board of Missions, formerly Burlingame. Redman is a member the Conference Commission on Wors and an active lay worker.

The Rev. K. Fillmore Gray of Chu of the Wayfarer, Carmel, has been a tour of church projects in the Far E

The Rev. and Mrs. J. Wesley of First Church, San Jose, are to con a Methodist tour in Hawaii in July.

Scholastic Honors to 5

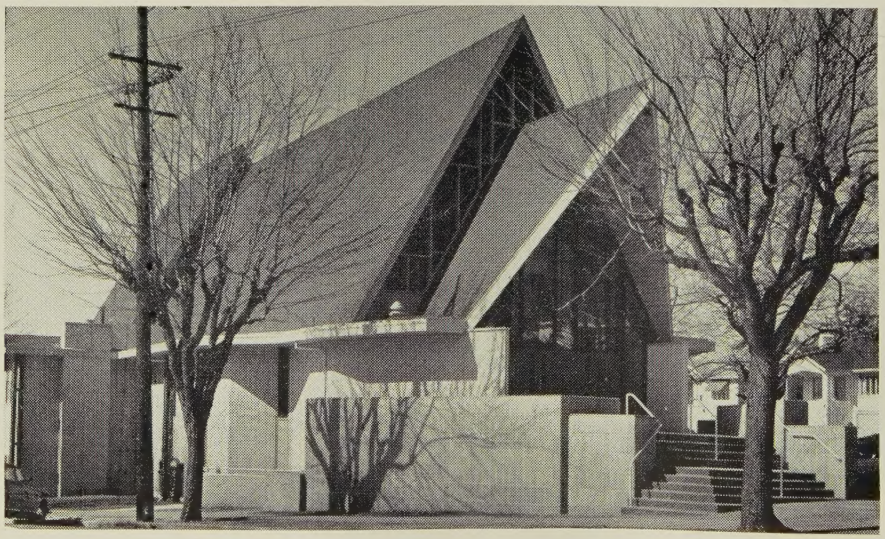
Scholastic honors have come to t Methodists:

The Rev. Frank A. Lindhorst, ch man of College of the Pacific departm of Bible and religious education, has ceived a New York University sch ship for a five-week workshop in *Land of the Bible, Past and Present* be held in and near Jerusalem. Thi coupled with a Danforth Founda grant for faculty summer study.

Arthur Shearer, minister of music Epworth Church, Berkeley is one of educators invited to a Union Theolog Seminary seminar to relate religion education.

John Rhoades of Campbell Chu earned his doctor of education deg from University of North Dakota. H a teacher of science education and biol at San Jose State College.

The Rev. Peter Schneider of Ter Community Church, Vallejo was awar



Remodeled both inside and out, the sanctuary of Epworth Church, Berkeley, was consecrated March 15. The $150,000 project provides seating for 400 and choir.

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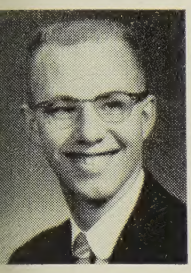
ne of five General Board of Education cholarships for graduate study to pre- are for student work. He will study t Boston University School of Theology.

Frances Groves Perry of Central Church, Stockton will study and perform n operas in Italy, as one of six national vinners in the American Opera Auditions.

Studies for Mission Post

Preparation for service as a three-year nissionary to Japan begins in June for Calvin Maas of Lodi, shortly after his graduation from College of the Pacific.



Mr. Maas

Planning eventually to become a minister, Maas expects assignment to Palmore Institute in Kobe, to teach English and Bible classes and work with church-related groups. He anticipates that missionary service will increase his understanding and maturity.

Maas has served as conference president of Wesley Fellowship, Central District MYF president, student commission chairman, vice-president of Pacific Student Association and this year's president of Central Collegiates at Central Church, Stockton.

Youths Ready for Camping

A summer of service and rallies, as well as the usual camping, is in store for California-Nevada youth, under the leadership of newly elected officers.

• Youth caravanning will claim two—Joan Laidlaw of First Church, Reno, and Sharon Bass of Boise, Idaho, and San Jose Wesley Foundation.

Counselor for the caravan which will serve in California-Nevada churches this summer will be Doris Johnson of Denton, Tex. For the first time, a caravan training center is located at White Sulphur Springs Campground.

Taylor Photo

Direction of the lay activities program this year in California-Nevada has rested with these men. From left are Dr. Clare N. Pettit of Parlier, conference lay leader; Hugh Sherman of Laurel-Oakland, Metropolitan District; Richard Briggs of First-Palo Alto, San Jose District; Earl Stover of San Rafael, Redwood Empire; Robert Winterberg of Grace-Stockton, associate conference leader; F. W. Tarr of Trinity, Chico, Shasta; Otto Zentner of Los Banos, Central; Col. Frank M. Paul of St. Mark's-Sacramento, Sacramento-Nevada; Grant Ericksen of Kingsburg, Fresno District.

• The annual series of fall youth rallies is being moved to midsummer to take advantage of the availability of Don Baldwin, former Conference MYF president who has just completed a four-month round-the-world tour of missions.

The World Report meetings, at which Baldwin will stress Methodist Youth Fund and stewardship and will show slides, will be at 8 p.m., as follows: July 5, Eureka; 6, Mt. Shasta; 7, Anderson; 8, Trinity-Chico; 11, Oak Park-Sacramento; 12, Novato; 13, Clear Lake Highlands; 16, Park Presidio-San Francisco; 18, First-San Jose; 19, Trinity-Berkeley; 23, San Bruno; 24, Turlock; 25, Delano; 26, Kingsburg; August 1, Winnemucca; 2, Carson City.

• New Conference MYF officers are: President, Vic Jenkins, First-Dinuba; vice-president, John Boyer, Campbell; secretary, Darla Findley, Trinity-Bakersfield; faith, Janet Maybee, Santa Rosa; witness, Al Raitt, Colusa; outreach, Betty Shore, Wesley-Bakersfield; citizenship, Jim House, Sonoma; fellowship, Conrad Bridges, Trinity-Chico.

District MYF presidents are: Central, Ken Clark, Antioch; Fresno, Wayne Turl, Grace-Fresno; Metropolitan, Norm Smith, Concord; Redwood Empire, Sally Bould, Napa; Sacramento-Nevada, Tom Streeter, Oak Park-Sacramento; San Jose, Rich Watters, Millbrae; Shasta, Roland Garrett, Trinity-Chico.

Wesley Fellowship conference officers are: President, Ron Murdoff, Napa; vice-president, Richard Corson, First-Modesto; student commission, Wally Juchert, Burlingame; employed youth, Sharon Wallem, Kingsburg; service personnel, David Jenkins, Santa Rosa; special-service projects, Dorothy Doman, Epworth-Berkeley; fall convocations, Merriene Duncan, Elverta; social action, Bill Powell, Campbell.

District Wesley Fellowship chairmen are: Central-Sacramento, Margaret Austin,

A new $12,000 church-school building and organ were dedicated April 26 by Del Rey Church. It includes six classrooms. Shown above (left to right) are the leaders and donors of furnishings for the new unit—District Superintendent Robert N. Boswell, Bishop Tippett, Mrs. Oscar Rasmussen, Mrs. S. O. Smith, Mrs. Guy Stouffer, Mrs. B. C. Britton, Mrs. Ralph Gibson, Pastor Helen E. Tooker, Miss Lorna Cross, Ralph Gibson, Willis Lenocker, and Nels Petersen.

A family breakfast in the park opened National Family Week for Petaluma Church. Nearly 400 persons were served at the affair, sponsored by the commission on membership and evangelism. Mrs. Robert Chapman is chairman, and Lt. Col. Ross Black, breakfast chairman. Cooks were from a nearby Army post, led by Sergeant J. D. Haughawout.

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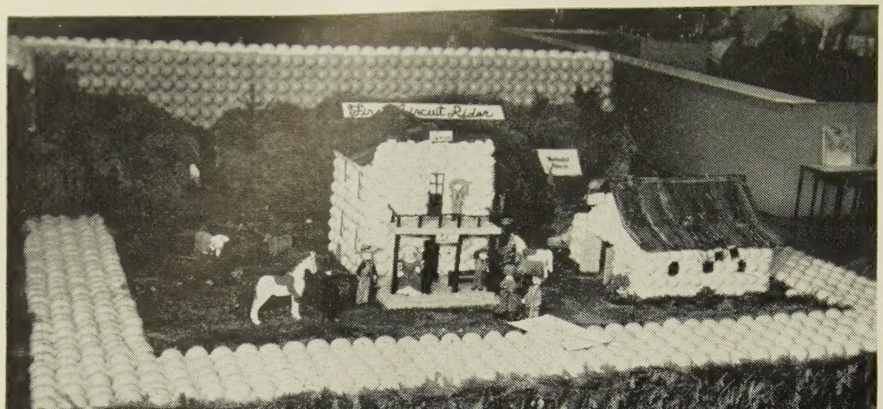

One hundred dozen oranges and lemons were used in this exhibit depicting arrival of the first circuit rider in Cloverdale. It won first prize in its class, and $300, for the Methodist church, the first time it had entered the contest. Redwood bark, moss, and rattlesnake skin were among materials used in the project.

Turlock; Fresno, Bill McCulloch, First-Bakersfield; San Jose, Jacquelin Jewett, Concord; Shasta, Kay Jett, Redding.

Administrative Council leaders are: chairman, Jim Metcalf, Central-Stockton; secretary, Betty Strathman, First-Hayward; skills workshops, Natividad Pabalan, Filipino-San Francisco; special service projects, Noel Clemens, Albany.

• All new officers will be installed at the evening service of Youth Day at annual conference, Saturday, June 20. Speaker will be the Rev. Lawrence K. Whitfield of Temple-San Francisco, on *"Choose Life."* David Jenkins of Santa Rosa is chairman for the day.

• At the annual youth House of Representatives, MYF delegates adopted a resolution urging the California Legislature to abolish capital punishment.

• Two spring Wesley Fellowship functions attracted sizeable crowds—150 for the "Day on the Bay" and 85 for the first banquet for employed youth and service personnel.

See Integration Progress

Indications that the fellowship necessary to integration has already begun, and that not all problems will be solved by integration, were voiced at a recent information exchange for California-Nevada and Pacific Japanese Provisional Conferences.

Well-integrated St. Mark's Church, Stockton, was host to the meeting chaired by its pastor, the Rev. Wilbur W. Y. Choy, chairman of the California-Nevada Integration Committee.

The Rev. Taro Goto, Japanese conference superintendent, reviewed developments of more than 60 years and reminded that the Japanese have set a deadline of 1964 for conference integration. The 15 churches within Northern California-Nevada bounds now have 2,316 members.

Considerable concern was expressed whether the "giant" conference would merely swallow up the "peewee." It was generally agreed, however, that in most communities the Japanese churches would continue to serve a real need and perform a unique ministry.

The Rev. Roy Sano of Loomis, only Japanese church with the name of First, noted that some Caucasians are included in various church fellowships but that most other community organizations are more inclusive racially than is the church. The church is credited with helping toward understanding.

Nisei WSCS membership is doubled since 1954, according to Mrs. James Kirihara of Grace Church, Livingston, conference president.

29 Churches Lack WSC

New WSCS members in Californ Nevada Conference totaled 1,580 l year, it was reported to the annu meeting, attended by over 1,000 wom at College of the Pacific. It was note however, that 29 churches are without woman's society.

The gathering re-elected Mrs. Ted Baun of First Church, Fresno, to a tw year term as president. Newly elect officers include Mrs. LeRoy S. Boyd of St. Mark's Church, Stockton, recordi secretary; Mrs. J. W. Carrell of Fi Church, Fresno, missionary education a service; Mrs. Leo Gessell of First Churc Modesto, supply work; Mrs. Grant C liver of Alum Rock Church, San Jo missionary personnel; Mrs. Harold Har man of Gastro Valley, Mrs. Err Hawkins of Lodi, Mrs. C. M. Edgar Sanger, Mrs. George Becker of Waln Creek, Mrs. W. D. Slayton of San Rafa Mrs. W. E. Painter of Central-Sacrament Mrs. Robert Hedgepeth of Corning, the corporate board.

Those re-elected include Mrs. Cly Lefler of Sparks, treasurer; Mrs. Geor Warner of Napa, spiritual life; Mrs. W liam Phillips of Lindsay, youth work.

Honorary life memberships were p sented to Mrs. F. W. Batten of D Pallos, and to Mrs. Otto Zentner of L Banos, former conference secretary student work and of missionary personn

---

The Conference Woman's Society t year is projecting two schools of missio and Christian service, July 27-31 a August 17-21 at College of the Pacif offering six clinics and six study cours

Sanger Stu

Ground was broken March 1 for a children's division and office building at Sanger Church by the Rev. Clark Newton, pastor. Other participants included Robert G. Fisher, contractor; Mrs. W. Colgate of the church school; Jo Kamm, pupil; the Rev. K. Watkins, mi isterial union; and Mayor C. O. Walli

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Is thy heart right, as my heart is with thine? Dost thou love and serve God? It is enough. I give thee the right hand of fellowship.

—John Wesley (1703-1791)

HARTZELL SPENCE comes by his intimate knowl-ge of Methodism naturally; he grew up in Midwestern rsonages. Nearly 20 years ago his *One Foot in Heaven* ossett, $1.98) appeared as a book and a movie to niliarize a mammoth audience with the family and problems of an oft-moved Methodist preacher.

"The Methodists," Spence wrote, "believe in living ir religion. They don't don it with their Sunday suits d hang it in moth balls the rest of the week. Meth-ists are church workers. Attendance on Sunday is a blic showing of loyalty to the pastor and a collective vitalization of the Spirit that guides throughout the ek . . . Methodists often are laughed at because they inevitably fighting about something. That is not the urch's weakness but its strength."

Hartzell (he was named for a Methodist bishop) is authority on our church, as well as others. Right now, other national magazine is featuring a series of his icles on the Protestant denominations. And we invite ur careful consideration of his factual *British Method-n Is Different,* on page 24.

Vacation roads are calling; thousands of Americans getting ready to take another look at this wonderful untry of ours. For a preview of some of the splendor at will send flash bulbs popping, turn to this month's lor pictorial, *'My Country 'tis of Thee,'* starting on page . You readers produced it so successfully that we are king you to participate in another reader-invitational torial scheduled for publication next year. See page -and unlimber that trusty camera.

Clinton Richards is an Iowa farmer, and a good one, you'll learn when you read *Land Is a Loan From the rd,* page 19. Like a lot of others, he's vitally interested proceedings at the Fourth National Methodist Town d Country Conference to be held in Wichita, Kans., ly 21-24. And here's an advance tip: the subject matter rtrayed so graphically in this pictorial covers one of e most important subjects on the conference agenda.

Speaking of Iowa, it's been quite a while since we llowed a plow down a furrow, but we didn't find it fficult to resist the temptation to do it again—until **is month's cover** came along! The farm is, of course, the Hawkeye state. That magificent contour pattern? s made up of corn and oats.—YOUR EDITORS

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Selected Bits from Your Letters

Prayer for Summer Drivers

MRS. MILDRED E. GREENE
Paulsboro, N.J.

And Sudden Death [June, 1959, page 14] is a grim reminder of the need for safe driving. On a different wave length, but for the same purpose, is a prayer my husband and I repeat as we drive every summer across the states to see God's wonders. It's by the Rev. F. Oswald Barnett of Australia. We found it in a little town called Ten Sleep, Wyo., tacked on the side of the general store:

O ever-present Lord, I pray,
Be with me at the wheel today,
Fill every corner of my mind,
So roaming thoughts no lodging find.

Take control of my two eyes,
That I may be alert and wise,
And take my feet, and take my hands,
That they react to quick demands.

Give me Thy guidance, Friend Divine,
For other folks as well as mine,
Then when I come to journey's end,
My prayer to heaven will ascend,
In utter thankfulness to Thee,
Who kept the wheel all day with me.

Question: Was It Luck?

MRS. RAYMOND C. SHAW
Newfane, N.Y.

Since when do Methodists believe that luck controls our lives? I had thought that we believe that God is behind the scenes in this world which he created.

I was shocked to see the opening sentence in an otherwise inspiring article, *I Give My Eyes to the Blind* [March, 1959, page 60], "I guess you'd call it luck." And again in the fourth paragraph, "That's when luck—or fate—stepped in." What are "luck" or "fate"? I am sure they have no place in a universe created by the God of love.

Girls Can't Reform Boys

CARTER W. PRESTON, *Pastor*
Hillman, Mich.

Can Girls Reform Boys After Marriage? [May, 1959, page 45] is the cause of this letter. Girls can't reform boys, delinquent or honor student. The Bible says, "Therefore, if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature." *He* is the answer that has apparently been ignored by all of the writers who so ably contributed to this *Powwow*.

Jesus said to Nicodemus, one of the most upright and respected teachers of that day, "Ye must be born again." I think this is the emphasis that our fine magazine has been soft-pedaling. This is the message that The Methodist Church must make central, because if we do, all the other areas of need will be cared for.

1,185 Bulletins—In Use

ROBERT B. ST. CLAIR, *Pastor*
Commercial Point, Ohio

In January, 1958, you printed my name in *Name Your Hobby*, saying that I collect church bulletins. So far, I have received 1,185 from 46 states, including Alaska, and eight foreign countries. Montana, Vermont, and North Dakota are the only unrepresented states.

I get ideas from these for my church bulletins and papers.

Tight-Fitting Crown

JIM WOODWARD
Minister of Christian Education
Trinity Methodist Church
Ruston, La.

The expression "as tight as Dick's hatband," mentioned in Stanley Walker's *Tricky Talk in Texas* [May, 1959, page 59]—and often used as "tighter than Dick's hatband"—actually goes back to the days of Robin Hood and has to do with tightness of economic conditions rather than the size of one's head.

King Richard—with no-stretch hatband.

When King Richard the Lionhearted went on the Crusades, he left Prince John to rule, but never really gave up the crown. As a result, the people were taxed both by Richard (to finance the Crusades) and by John (for the ben of himself and the Sheriff of Nottin ham). In other words, when both he wore the crown it made the econo "tighter than Dick's hatband."

Mr. Walker also refers to "little o as an underexaggeration, when reality it is a term of familiarity. Tex have so many cyclones that to th one is just a "little old cyclone"!

No Theologian, But—

MRS. MAXINE COLBERT BASC
Hirosaki, Aomori Ken, Japan

Just having read *Faith by Sto* [March, page 13], I am disturbed refer to the episode of Dr. Shuler's co forting his children when their mot was washed overboard with the wo "God will help us get Mommy bac and then the confirmation after she saved from the water, "See, God give Mommy back to us when prayed!" What would the reactions Dr. Shuler and his children have b if she had not been saved? What les of faith would that have brought? cause we don't always get our own w

I realize that this article was theological treatise. And I am onl missionary wife, unqualified to theo gize, but I cannot sit placidly back read a presentation that seems to "If you ask any selfish thing in fait anything you want—you will receive

Red Wagon Faded . . .

MISS DEAN DREWETT
Ft. Wayne, Ind.

I read *The Red Wagon* [April, 1 page 21] and found it touching. when I looked at the picture clos I saw that the car was not red at but pink. I think the artist must h been color-blind.

Yes, the car should have been seve shades redder. So you win, M Drewett. But we take one trick in ongoing game wherein readers fingers on editorial errors. In June, page two, we had John Wesley, Me odism's founder, being born June 1703. On page 70, Methodist Alman *gave the date as June 28—but so far one reader has caught the discrepan In a way, both dates are right. former is by the "Old Style" calend a reminder that in 1752 Engla calendar was set ahead 11 days.—

Giving Is More Blessed . . .

MR. and MRS. CALVIN TAYLO
Bucyrus, Ohio

After reading *Should Churches Things?* [April, 1959, page 23], we wo like to give a strong vote of thanks the Rev. Robert W. Lind in stating reasons for the church *not to things.* This subject has been a concern to us and we have alw

felt as Mr. Lind does—that money should be given to the church because we as Christians want to give and share, not because we can receive a material object in return. If we all tithed as God asked us to do, both our churches and the people would receive a greater spiritual lift.

How Vital Is Fund Raising?

MR. and MRS. CHUCK LEMASTERS
Nashville, Tenn.

Since we are only four years removed from membership in El Paso's Trinity Methodist Church, we took a special interest in *Should Churches Sell Things?* We now are on our way to the Belgian Congo as missionaries under our Board of Missions. While aware of the need for funds, the thought came to us that in our world situation a crisis may well develop which would curtail fund raising. Then, too, we will all be weighed in the balance and found wanting if our "most satisfying Christian experience" is raising money.

'Anything Less Is Sloth'

HENRY RATLIFF, *Pastor*
Hartford, S.Dak.

Since I have been reading the latest TOGETHER, my feeling is that if Methodist leadership is intelligently alert, it will not stop until every Methodist home, and every prospective Methodist home, is a subscriber. Anything less is sloth.

Thank you, Pastor Ratliff. You and other friends will be gratified that more than 8,000 Methodist churches are on the All Family Plan, whereby a subscription for each family unit is included in the church budget.—EDS.

How to Handle Controversies

WILLIAM P. MILLER, *Assoc. Pastor*
Turlock, Calif.

Congratulations on your good work in *How Should Methodists Organize?* [May, 1959, page 17]. It would be easy for a popular church journal such as TOGETHER to steer clear of controversy, especially on matters as close to home as the jurisdictional problem.

Through approaches such as your *Powwows*, you have developed a means of dealing with controversy which presents the essential issues and helps to clarify them without taking a stand yourself. This is the kind of creative approach to controversy which is meeting a deep need of our people.

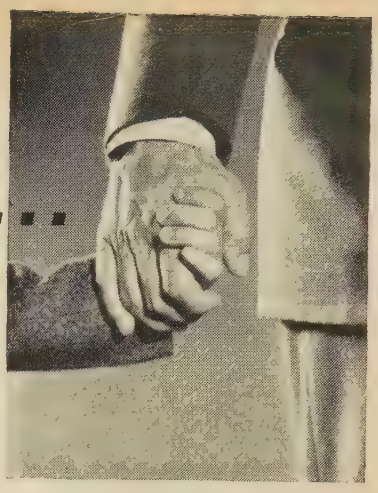
Law & Order Not Our God

JAY E. SCHMIDT, *Pastor*
St. Paul, Nebr.

In reference to *Conscience Convenient?* [May, 1959, page 8]:

Draft laws, tax laws, and the like cannot be exempt from judgments—Christ is Lord, not the laws of our land!

Security...



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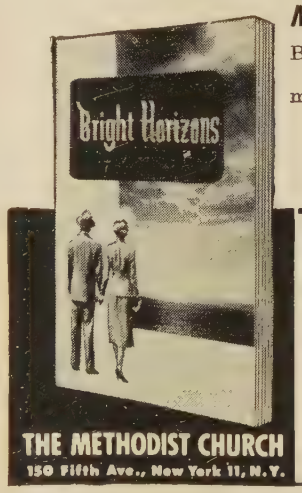

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If he is Lord, then the nation and its laws must be subject to his Lordship and to the conscience of him who so believes in Christ. "Law and order" are not our God: no nation is God. There are human things and as such are under the judgment of God.

Cover-to-Cover Reader Quiz

HARRIET STEVENS, *Librarian*
State TB Hospital
Gooding, Idaho

Recently our pastor asked me to have charge of a "Together Evening." Warning people to read their last copy from cover to cover, I prepared a quiz covering the entire magazine. I even asked a question about *Small Fry.*

In our congregation, we think TOGETHER is an exceptionally fine magazine.

Relax Immigration Laws!

ROBALEE BURNS
Paris, France

I have been working in a welfare agency in Paris which deals with refugees from behind the Iron Curtain who are trying to emigrate to the U.S. In December, 1958, a special law in favor of refugees ended and we now are faced with the heartbreaking task of informing the hundreds of refugees who are left behind that their chances are almost nil.

It is easy to understand why immigration controls are necessary, but it is not so easy to understand why a person born in one country may receive a visa in a few months while a person from another country should have to wait eight or nine years. Yet this is the situation, thanks to the outdated and unfair immigration laws.

More Bookmobile Enthusiasm

JOHN F. ANDERSON, *Director*
Lawson McGhee Library
Knoxville, Tenn.

I wish to thank Blake Clark for his fine article about bookmobiles [*Here Comes the Library,* April, 1959, page 18]. It would seem that Mr. Clark writes with the same enthusiasm that is apparent with bookmobile librarians and patrons. We hope this article will call attention to the joys of reading.

From Grant Wood's Sister

NAN WOOD GRAHAM
Riverside, Calif.

I am thrilled to see the reproduction of *Arbor Day* [April, 1959, page 39]. It is the best color reproduction I have ever seen. The colors are so true! I am planning to frame it.

We're delighted to have this word from the sister of Grant Wood—and here acknowledge our appreciation for her aid in arranging for the reproduction of Arbor Day.—EDS.

From 'Mr. Arbor Day'

HAROLD PALMER PISER
Managing Director
Arbor Day Association
Flushing, N.Y.

I was delighted to receive copies your April issue, containing the b Arbor Day presentation I have e seen. Trees and children make for happy future; your magazine is an i spiration to a Methodist tree-planti program, comparable to other organiz tional undertakings in this necessa field of endeavor.

Chance for Good Deed, Scouts

CONRAD STOTT
37 Claremont St.
Sowerby Bridge
Yorkshire, England

I am a student in an English Met dist ministerial-training college and some months we have had a copy your magazine forwarded to us. It placed in the common room, where is eagerly sought after and favorab commented on. I am wondering if a readers are, or have been, Boy Sco and have badges, kerchiefs, and t like which are of no further use them. These would be invaluable my effort to build up a collection exhibits with the object of advanci the Scout movement within The Met odist Church during my ministry.

Familiar, Friendly Face

MRS. J. LEONARD PEERMAN
Jackson, Mo.

We were delighted to see *Nava Teaches Navaho* [May, 1959, page 2 In July, 1953, we stopped at Farmin ton, N. Mex., to visit our Navaho sch there. The young Indian girl in t office, who showed us about, is t same Eve Stokely in your pictori

We were impressed by her attracti ness and her poise. At that time s was engaged to a young man who h recently returned from service; th

"He spoke his first word today, Pas —but we hope you'll forgive him

re to be married soon and planned go into the teaching field.

t thrilled us to see her happy face TOGETHER and to read about the nderful work she is doing among people.

gether in Australia

MRS. J. COLLINS
Adelaide, South Australia

must let you know how much GETHER is enjoyed and how much it s around. I've had it sent to me by pen friend, Mrs. Dorris Wells of milton, Ill. After I've seen it, I pass on to the secretary of our Methodist ung Women's Fellowship. It then es to all the executives, then to the nister of the Woodville Church. and en is put into the MYWF library, ere it is available to all 130 members. d there is a waiting list!

spiring . . . Encouragement

NANCY PELL
Ft. Lauderdale, Fla.

Only minutes ago I finished reading d, *Give Me Strength* and *Every Day Mother's Day* [May, 1959, pp. 13 and]. Those inspiring articles make me ank God that I, too, may one day be mother.

I am 17 and a senior in high school. m looking forward to attending Duke iversity. Both articles will go with e when I enter and will be a source encouragement throughout my col- ge years.

I am glad that I can face the future th the confidence that the Lord "will rect my paths" into womanhood.

aith From Within'

BILL WOODFIN
Houston, Tex.

TOGETHER is constantly being assailed r publishing articles which some aders regard as shocking, immoral, ti-Christian, or tending to deviate om the doctrine of The Methodist urch. Of these letters I hope that we all soon see the last. Morality and ith come from within ourselves, not om the outside. I also believe that, ided by this moral sentiment, we ill make the right choices as to hether an idea is good or evil. The dividual must make his own choice ut the universe, which is now con- dered to be basically moral, will stand, iding him to the right. . . . Let man ink and he, through God, shall find e truth.

ictorial an Opening Wedge

ELEANOR DANIELLS
San Salvador, El Salvador

I would like to add a word of praise r your color pictorial, *Christ's Last ays on Earth* [March, 1959, page 35]. proved an opening wedge for me

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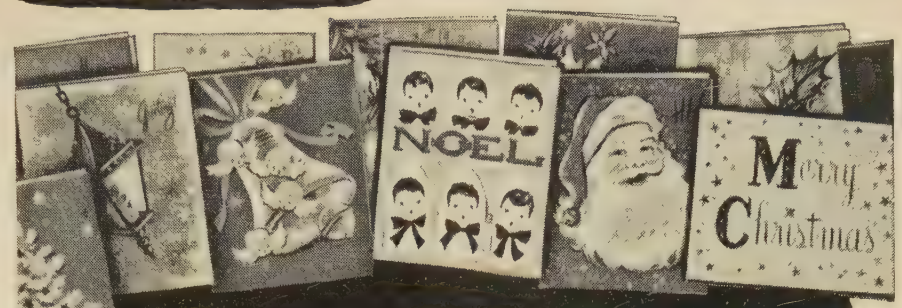

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to present to some of my Salvadoran friends here the beliefs of Protestants as to the death and Resurrection of Jesus. The people here have a distorted understanding of the Protestant faith and seemed surprised that we believe in the same crucified Lord as do the Catholics.

Printed-Word Missionaries . . .

LOIS B. CAITHNESS
Tucson, Ariz.

Last summer a story in *The Los Angeles Times* asked Americans to send used magazines to Kerala, the only state in India with a Communist government. I wrote H. Plissner, 345 W. 58th St., New York City, 19, as the story directed and he sent me the name of P. M. Thomas, Mappadam Rubber Estate, Kuruchikkara P. O., Trichur, Kerala State, South India.

I began sending Mr. Thomas my magazines, including TOGETHER, and he writes, "Many of my friends are reading your magazines. I would imagine you are Methodist. If so, I can hardly understand your believings and fundamental doctrines, but I should like to know more about your churches."

I have sent him a Bible and many pamphlets explaining Methodism. But it would seem Methodism has a big job to do in Kerala.

Stubborn—But It Helps

MRS. ROBERT F. SNIDER
Hilliards, Ohio

I would like to add the proverbial "two cents' worth" to *Let's Not Rush the Youngsters* [April, 1959, page 29]. We, too, live in a suburban town and as parents of a 16-year-old boy and a 12-year-old girl know the pressures for social conformity to the point of adolescent distraction. Even the church, in its concern lest it should not have an adequate program for every age group, has added pressures to increase the activities which pull a child away early from an acquaintance with (almost) his own parents.

Since selection in the uses of spare time is a plaguing problem, we start early to discuss and allocate it. This isn't easy and we haven't the problem solved, but we are a stubborn family and we enjoy being together—playing games, singing, vacationing, or just talking. And there are many more like us, I'm sure.

She Misses *Rugged Cross*

MRS. JOSEPH H. GROSTEPHAN
Minneapolis, Minn.

Thank you for *Song for the Ages* [January, 1959, page 52] and its discussion of *The Old Rugged Cross.* It is beloved by Christians everywhere and usually ranks first in a list of favorite hymns.

I hope this publicity will bring hymn to the attention of those in cha of revising *The Methodist Hym* Inclusion of *The Old Rugged Cr* would endear it greatly to the hea of Methodists throughout the land. miss it.

Barbour for Mixed-up Teens

HERMAN W. CARLSON
Ottumwa, Iowa

Though a Lutheran, I have read ma issues of TOGETHER and I congratul you on your outstanding Christ magazine. Always having been int ested in, and having worked with, you I consider Dr. Barbour's *Teens Toget* especially helpful for the modern a somewhat confused teen-agers we counter today.

Seeing Is Relieving . . .

B. H. HERTENSTEIN
Memphis, Mo.

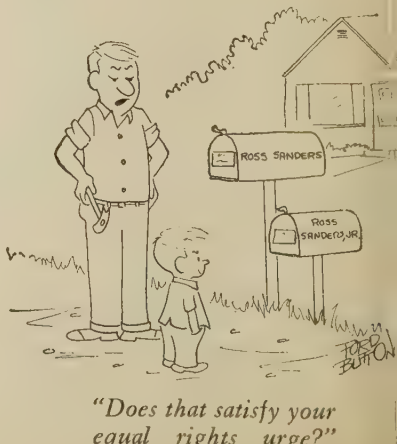
When we established a home some years ago, the first publication we s scribed for was *The Christian Advoc* When it was announced that *Advocate* would be discontinued TOGETHER take its place, we w prejudiced. However, with the first sue the prejudice began to disapp We think TOGETHER is a marvelous p lication. We enjoy every part of it. color plates are beautiful.

We appreciate your comment, hum and sincerely. TOGETHER *strives to c tinue the great tradition of service Methodism started with* The Advoca *founding in 1826.*—EDS.

Hunger for Old-Time Methodi

MRS. OTTO DANZ
Chapman, Kans.

Am glad to find in your *Letter* umn readers who still believe in time Methodism. There is a hunger Gospel messages, and if the minist will give a personal testimony, it help a lot. It is as our own Bishop Da son has said, "Extensive pastoral visi tion prompted by love and concern weather the crisis."



"Does that satisfy your equal rights urge?"

Together / NEWSLETTER

WANTS NEW RURAL COMMISSION. Creation of a Commission on Country Life is being asked of Congress by the Rev. John B. Hawes, professor of rural church at Wesley Theological Seminary, Washington, D.C. He has told a House subcommittee on family farms that dwindling farm population is placing the rural church in jeopardy; churches, he says, will welcome guidance by a Congressional commission. Methodists also are discussing rural problems at the Town and Country Conference, Wichita, Kans., July 21-24.

OXNAM: 'DULLES A CHRISTIAN LEADER.' Bishop G. Bromley Oxnam, Washington, D.C., has called late Secretary of State John Foster Dulles "a distinguished and devoted Christian leader." He continued: "I had the high honor of knowing Mr. Dulles well for 15 years and of serving with him on important commissions of the Federal Council of Churches and the World Council of Churches. . . . The church, the nation, and the world have lost a patriot and a peacemaker."

EVANGELISM COMMITTEE. Laymen have organized a National Methodist Lay Committee on Evangelism to assist the church's evangelism program. Chairman is Sollie McCreless of San Antonio, Tex. Other members include Richard Campbell of Hollidaysburg, Pa., vice-chairman, and Hallie P. Jones of Philadelphia and Kazuo Saito of Los Angeles.

DEATH PENALTY FOR TERROR BOMBING. Florida's Governor LeRoy Collins has signed a bill providing the death penalty for terror bombings which result in a fatality. The act was inspired by a recent wave of school, church, and synagogue blasts.

CHURCH ATTENDANCE GOOD, MORALITY BAD. The executive secretary of the Methodist Board of Evangelism, Dr. Harry Denman, says that "although 62 per cent of the people in the U.S. belong to some church or synagogue, the country's crime rate is increasing four times faster than that of the population."

FOR CHURCH: AN ATOMIC TRAIL? An atomic physicist and former Methodist scientist-missionary in Pakistan, Dr. John H. Martin of the Argonne National Laboratory, Lemont, Ill., says church leaders should lobby to stimulate more public interest in the peaceful application of nuclear power.

(More church news on page 66)

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"Because I was nervous and irritable, my doctor started me on Postum!"

"You know how it is when you're nervous—the slightest thing makes you drop whatever you're holding. Well, *that* made me even more nervous and irritable than I was.

"The family finally got me to the doctor. He said maybe I'd been drinking too much coffee. Apparently, the caffein in coffee upsets some people sometimes. He suggested I try drinking Postum because it's 100% caffein-free, can't make you nervous—or keep you awake at night.

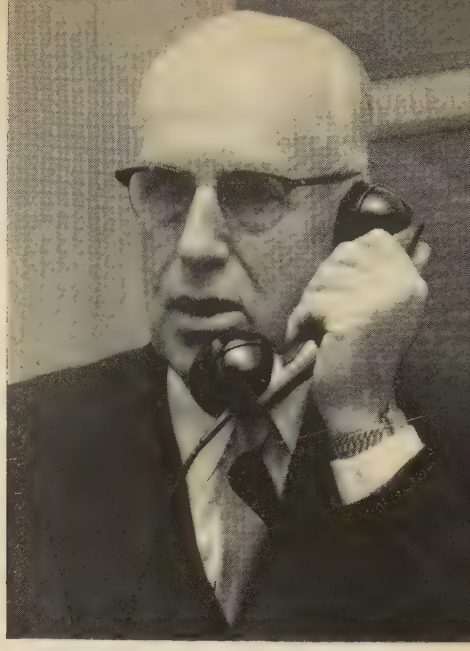
"I followed his advice and, you know, the doctor was right. But one thing he forgot to tell me: just how good Postum is! Why don't you try Postum—you'll be steady enough to thread a needle, too!"

Postum is 100% coffee-free

A product of General Foods

✠ Personal Testimony

A busy layman stresses: "Jesus only condemned men who wouldn't try."



Parable of the Talents

By *KINSEY N. MERRITT*
Former Vice President, Railway Express Agency
President, Ocean Grove Camp Meeting Association

WE ARE ALL FAMILIAR with the parable of the talents and its meaningful message: God has given each of us some special ability—and he expects us to use it in his work.

Of course, we are not all equally endowed. Some men can add up columns of figures, four digits at a time. Some can sing, some play musical instruments. One can do this, another that. But each of us possesses, at the very least, one God-given gift.

Ordinarily, when we mention "talent" we think of someone who sings or acts; the woman who knows how to use her hands, the man who stands at a bench and creates beauty from wood and stone. These, we say, are talented people. And, indeed, they are.

However, talent encompasses much more. Think of the talent of friendliness in a world that sorely needs friendship. Think about the ability and willingness to pray, and about the desire of justice for all men. Think of bringing a little more happiness and sympathy into this world and of the talent for serenity when things go wrong; the talent of loyalty, the talent of kindness. As I see this story of the talents, we must plow new fields; we must chart new courses; we must march over untried roads.

I once had the unwelcome task of telling a young man that a job he was expecting was not going to be his. He was greatly disturbed and said to me, "What can I do? I'm through. I tried, but now I've failed and people will always remember this failure."

I replied, "No, Jim, people will not always remember. Nobody condemns the man who tries."

Jesus did not condemn people who tried; he condemned those who refused to try. "Take the talent from him. . . . And cast the worthless servant into the outer darkness." These are the words Jesus put into the mouth of the landlord in the parable. He condemned most vigorously those who did nothing at all.

In Christ's story of the Good Samaritan the two people who passed by certainly did not do anything to hurt the injured man any further. They just didn't do anything at all. The same thing is true in the story of Lazarus, the beggar at the rich man's gate. The rich man didn't tell his servants not to give Lazarus any more food or to have him taken away. He just didn't do anything at all.

In our parable, the men who had the five talents and the two talents received wonderful words of commendation from their landlord: "Enter into the joy of your master." These same words of praise would have been said just as readily to the man who had the one talent—if he had used it instead of burying it in the ground.

"I was afraid," he said. Why? Well, his talent was smaller than the others. He wanted to make a good showing, to perform well. You can't blame him for that.

But how dangerous it is to compare your ability with someone else's! Talents are outstanding things, whether you have five, two, or one. Our one-talent man stood around and said, "Oh, I could have done so and so if I had just had five talents, but I had only one." But remember, he didn't have the responsibility for five, either. He had only the responsibility for one and he refused to accept it. He was afraid of not being outstanding, of failure. And he was afraid of hard work, because it takes hard work to use God-given talent.

God is calling upon us for our all—not part, not 10 per cent, nor even 20 per cent, but a devotion of every ability we have to his cause. That's what this parable teaches us today.

What to Do With Aging Parents

It's a growing problem. Take them i
Are they happier alone? Or in a hom

By SMILEY BLANTON with ARTHUR GORDO

DIFFERENT people meet the problem of aging parents in radically different ways. At one end of the scale is callous indifference. At the other is masochistic self-sacrifice. On the one hand, we see people who accept no responsibility for their parents at all. And on the other we see well-intentioned souls who ruin their own lives in misguided efforts to live up to the Commandment requiring them to honor their father and their mother.

Most people try to strike a happy medium, and some succeed admirably. But others only succeed in making their parents unhappy. Far too often sons or daughters decide they know what's best and try to run their parents' lives. They take them out of the old house because they think it is no longer safe for them to be alone. They urge them to move to a new town or retire to a milder climate. Often this uprooting is so disturbing to the older people that what is left to their life is hardly worth living.

The Dangers of Hidden Resentment: Dealing fairly and intelligently with aging parents requires great skill, tact, and self-honesty. We must keep in mind that where our parents are concerned we have an ambivalent attitude; we love them, but we also resent them. Throughout our formative years they were the custodians of law and order. Often, for our own good, they had to thwart or discipline us. And none of these painful episodes is forgotten. The memory of them still exists in us, below the conscious level, and the corresponding resentments exist, too.

So, when people reach the stage where the parents are, in a sense, at the mercy of their children, then the children should prayerfully consider what they do, for sometimes what they do is based on unconscious resentment.

I remember a certain gentleman who had a small farm and whose only daughter taught school nearby. She was a very religious woman, extremely devout and conscientious.

When her father was dying, he called her to his bedside and said, "Emily, when I am gone I want you to look after your mother. I want you to promise me that you will."

The mother was in her early 70s and had always been an active woman. But after her father's death Emily moved back into the farmhouse and took over completely. If she found her mother working in the kitchen she would say, "Mother, you're not strong enough to be do that. You must rest and let me the work." Whenever her mo wanted to bake a cake, or worl the garden, or feed the chick Emily was there to restrain her

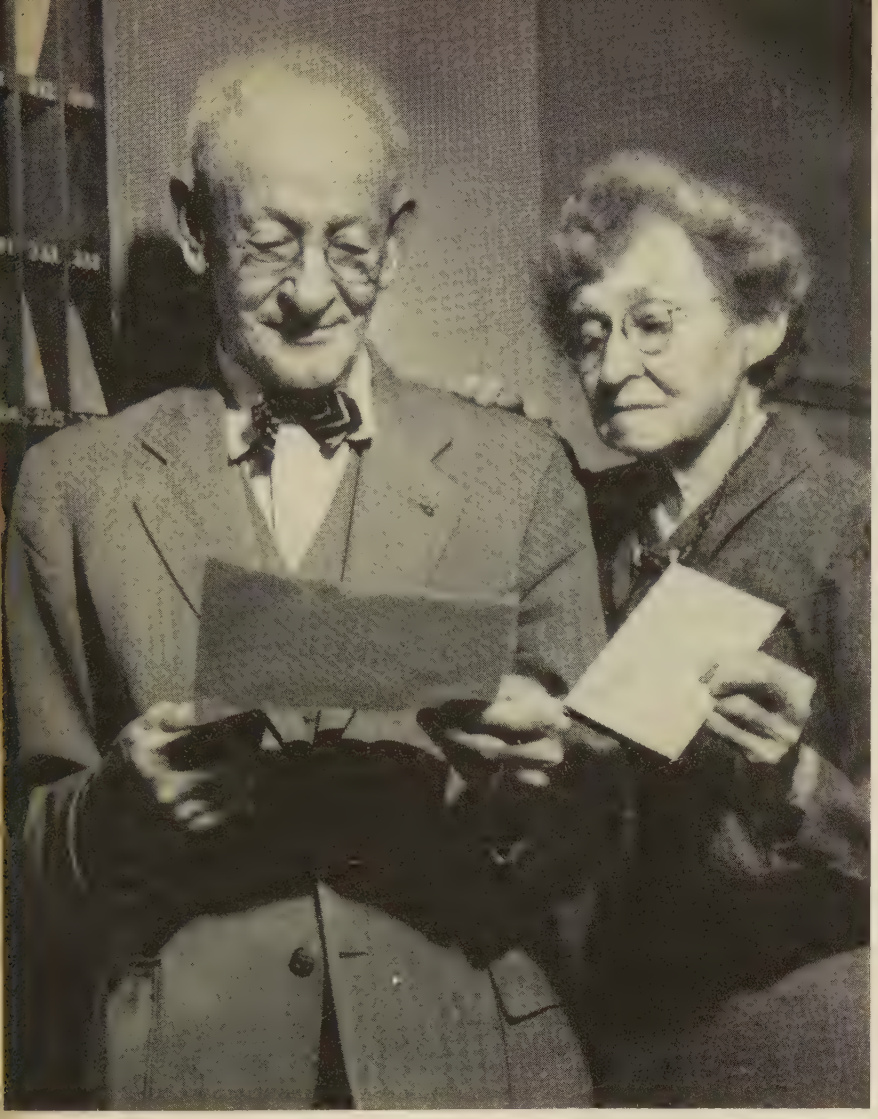
After two years of this enfo inactivity, the mother died, an have always thought it was sin because she was so unhappy that did not want to live longer. In conscious mind, Emily was foll ing her father's dying wish and filling her highest religious pri ples. But in her unconscious m she was satisfying impulses of res ment and jealousy, and it is not farfetched to say that she fin succeeded in killing her mother

But resentment is a two-way st I have seen many cases where eld people seemed to delight in mak life difficult for their children—pr bly because the children could lead full and active lives while could not.

The other day a woman of 40 c to see me. Her father had just d Her mother was approaching and she felt that under no circ stances should the old lady cont to live in the house by herself. she had just spent two weeks her mother and was in despair.

She said, "Every day I spent my mother was a nightmare. I my 10-year-old daughter with and my mother corrected her stantly. She told me I was raising the child properly. I c

This timely article is from *Now or Never: The Promise of the Middle Years*, just published by Prentice-Hall, Inc., Englewood Cliffs, N.J. (© 1959 by Smiley Blanton and Arthur Gordon). Dr. Blanton is the psychiatrist who, with the Rev. Norman Vincent Peale, founded the Religio-Psychiatric Clinic at New York City's Marble Collegiate Church. He is still its director.



Wherever your parents live—with you, by themselves, or in a home—they need your love and the knowledge that you need them. That is the key to their happiness.

lo nothing right. When I tried to vash the dishes, she objected to my nethod. When I tried to put them on the shelf, she said it was the vrong place. What on earth can I lo? I can't let my mother live alone. Yet, how can I have her live with me? My husband couldn't stand it for a week!"

"Your first duty," I told her, "is to your husband and child. It seems to me you must arrange for someone to stay with her or have her go someplace where she can be cared for."

"But what if she won't have anyone live with her and refuses to be cared for by strangers?"

"In that case," I told her, "all you can do is let her live what's left of her life her own way."

Nursing Home—Yes or No? Many people have a strong aversion to "putting their parents in a home." This is a holdover from days when homes for the aged often were dismal, cheerless places. No doubt some such places still exist, but in recent years great strides have been made in this area and often, if finances permit, the elderly person would be infinitely happier in such a place than in the home of a grown child.

Not long ago a woman came to us, agitated because she had come home to find her mother crying. The mother, an elderly woman with severe arthritis, lived with her daughter's family. She could sit in a wheel chair, but spent most of her time in her room.

"She has a television set," her daughter told me, "and she doesn't complain. But I have a feeling that she is very unhappy."

I asked the daughter if I might talk with her mother. I found the old lady an intelligent woman who realized that the family was trying to be kind. But her daughter was involved in outside activities. The children had their own world. Her son-in-law had little time for her.

I said to the daughter, "You know, your mother is left alone most of the time, and it is just as if she were in prison. She can't get out. She has no one to talk to. Why don't you put her in a home where she could be with other old people?"

Reluctantly, the daughter consented. An excellent place was found for the mother. The directors were wise enough to arrange entertainment and activities. Each guest was expected to do what he could to make life interesting.

It was a terrific wrench for this daughter to put her mother in a home because in her deeper mind she felt she was breaking a Commandment. But the truth is, the Bible orders us to honor our parents but it does not order us to dislocate our own lives in the process.

It has been said that elderly people tend to be emotional extremists. I have observed many people as they move through successive stages of development and I have noticed that the tendency always is for personal characteristics to become more accentuated as the person grows older.

That is why it is important to pause for self-analysis fairly early in the middle years, when there is time to "bend the twig."

If this accentuation tendency proceeds unchecked, a talkative person will become garrulous. A person with a sense of inferiority will grow more timid, and so on. But conversely, a person who learns to love in his early or middle years will love more as he grows older; a person who learns to discipline himself will become more disciplined. I have also noticed that these noble traits may be passed along from generation to generation.

I remember vividly a man I first knew in college. He was always cheerful and co-operative. I don't think I ever saw him angry. His mother was a chronic invalid, but I never heard her complain.

My friend became a successful teacher. But when he was about 50 he developed a cancerous growth in his mouth and had to have part of

getting along Together

Little Tommy was never without the little wagon he got for his birthday. But one morning when he rolled it out to the front of the house, his father told him he'd have to play in the back. "Remember, this is Sunday," he explained.

Tommy obeyed, but as he started toward the back he asked, "Say, Pop, isn't it Sunday in the back yard, too?"

—Betty Clodfelter, *Thomasville, N.C.*

It was an open-air service, deep in the woods. Hard wooden benches served as pews. At the close of the service the clergyman raised his arms to pronounce the benediction. But at that moment a small brown bird hopped onto a branch overhead and began to sing. With tears in his eyes, the minister looked up, then whispered, "My friends, there is your benediction. Go in peace."

—Mrs. Gloria M. Logan, *Camden, N.S., Canada*

Lured by a sign *Antiques,* my husband and I stopped at a cottage where two old ladies ushered us into the living room and served tea. When we asked to see the antiques, one said hestitantly, "We're the antiques!"

Then they told about their loneliness. "We needed friends," one explained. "But how to make them? That's when we thought of the *Antiques* sign. Only nice people appreciate lovely things. But remember, our sign doesn't say *Antiques for Sale.*"

"We've made so many lasting friendships," the other added, "that we know God isn't angry about our little trick!"

—Mrs. Corinne Updegraff Wells, *Passaic, N.J.*

Little tales for this column must be true—stories which somehow lightened a heart. Together *pays $5 for each one printed. No contributions can be returned; please don't enclose postage.*—Eds.

his tongue removed. He came to me to ask if there was any remedial speech training that might enable him to carry on with his teaching. I put him in touch with a teacher who did help him and he was able to continue with his work.

But four years later another operation robbed him of all speech. So he had to retire on a small pension. His teaching specialty had been biology. He apprenticed himself for a year to a seed company to learn how they developed better seeds. At the end of a year he was earning a salary that left him better off than he had been as a teacher.

Unfortunately, the growth returned again, requiring further surgery. He never lost his courage; I never heard him complain. He died 10 years after he first sought my help.

Such a man was an inspiring member of the human race and I have no doubt that much of his patience and courage was derived from the example set by his mother.

Inevitably, however, there are some older people who have not traveled far along this road. Such old people can be trying, especially to children who feel a sense of responsibility. They are, all too often, nothing but spoiled children, themselves, and they must be prevented from interfering too drastically with other people's lives.

Many times I have watched domineering mothers resort to the most incredible tricks to draw attention to themselves. Sometimes they feign illness or helplessness so that their devoted son or daughter will leave the "unworthy person" they have married, at least temporarily, and rush to their side. Sometimes, denied actual entrance to their child's home, they set up shop across the street where they can criticize and interfere. It can be a tragic thi

The most fortunate people those whose parents are eager, o going souls who retain their o interests and enthusiasm for l These are the people who, wi their children leave the nest, deve new hobbies, interest themselves civic affairs, take trips, and plur so enthusiastically into a heighter tempo of living that they rem busy and creative to the end of th days.

In between these two extrem are many older people who ne help. And, in general, the best r for the children is this: try to h your parents in the way they w to be helped, not just in the way y choose to help them.

The Key Ingredient: The m important characteristic to disp with aging parents is kindness ba on understanding and sympathy a love. It is difficult, when you feeling well and strong, to reali what it is like to feel ill and we It is not easy, when you know y are needed, to understand the f of not being needed. It is almost i possible, when you are full of i portant plans for the future, visualize a state where the fut seems to hold nothing of importan

Yet older people face these pr lems daily. That is when the youn generation must come to their with a deep understanding of power of love to sustain and h and comfort. It is impossible exaggerate this power of love human affairs; it is the keystone the arch of living; in the last analy it is life itself.

Give this love to elderly peop and let them give it back to y That is the best way to honor yo father and your mother. And a go way to find happiness yourself.

In England, the aged were cared for in a home John Wesley, founder of Methodism, set up before 1748. In America, Methodists started their first home for older people in 1850 in New York City. Today the Board of Hospitals and Homes maintains 64 such homes, 280 cottages for retired ministers. The Woman's Division of Christian Service has six homes for retired workers.

A quiet country church nourishes a human soul with

Bread From Heaven

By LAREN SPEAR

THE FARMER'S plain, dusty clothes did not rob him of the dignity which reveals itself whatever the garb. He was lean, muscular, about 40. His face, dark with summer's tan and the soil he worked, was thoughtful and wise. It was the face of a man of character.

The rural pastor who lived across the road from the farmer's ripe wheat field had noticed that ever since the sun had dried the dew his neighbor had been jolting along on a binder drawn by six sweating horses.

"John's crop is good," the pastor remarked to his wife. "It looks as though he'll finish cutting today, and that's good, too, for those clouds could turn loose with some rain."

It was midafternoon when the last narrow stand in the middle of the field had fallen before the clicking sickle. Then the farmer took his tired horses to the barn, but for him there was no rest. The prostrate grain must be shocked so, walking back to the field, he set to work once more. With easy, graceful rhythm he moved down the long windrows of bundles, leaving behind him the resurrected grain standing in wavering lines of almost identical shocks.

It was close to quitting time when he straightened up to find himself facing a country church. The evenly cut stubble flowed up to meet the grass of a small churchyard, where stood a solid frame building, topped by a modest spire. The farmer grew thoughtful. Here was wheat, symbol of man's daily bread, and here before him was the church, symbol of man's inner hunger and sustenance.

"John, a really bumper crop, I'd say."

Startled by the voice behind him,

he turned quickly to face the preacher, who was leaning casually against a post, one foot propped on the bottom wire.

"Yes, it is good. Should go at least 40 bushels—maybe 45," replied the farmer. He moved closer to the fence. "And you know, when you made me jump there, I was just thinking about that wheat and the church. Seems they kind of belong together, just like they are here. Bread for the body and bread for the soul—something like that. Understand what I mean?"

The pastor nodded. "Yes, I believe I do."

"And that field," added the farmer, swinging his arm in the direction of the thick shocks. "You just can't quite figure out how, after planting a bushel and a half of seed an acre, you get back 40, and maybe a lot more."

"Well, John, I guess a lot of people have been stumped by that. Did you ever hear Browning's poem about the little flower growing in the wall? He said if we could understand that, we would know what God and man are. I guess he meant that if we could really comprehend the simplest kind of life we could pretty much understand everything."

The farmer shelled out a head of wheat and blew the chaff away before he replied. "No, I never heard that poem. Never had much schooling, you know. But it reminds me of something Jesus said. I guess he liked wheat fields, too. You remember that one time he explained to his disciples that the earth brings forth fruit of itself—first the sprout, then the full crop—but the sower doesn't know how. I guess that about sizes it up, but it doesn't explain it."

"No," agreed the pastor, "it doesn't. Of course, we usually just blunder along, accepting things the way they are. But when we stop to think about it, we'll always be puzzled about life in a seed such as you have there in your hand, and all kinds of life for that matter."

Then, pulling himself with some effort out of the depths into which they had floundered, the preacher said abruptly, "Well, we'll never get this all figured out today. I've got a call to make and you've got plenty of bundles to set up before it rains. Right now we need action instead of talk. See you again." And with that he was off, across the road.

But the farmer could not easily toss off these thoughts. Brushing some of the dust from his clothing, he moved toward the church with its open door. He watched the car swing out on the road, then went inside.

To himself, he thought, "Guess I'll sit down a minute and rest in the old family pew. Here's where Dad sat, and his father before him. Now on Sundays there's just room for Sarah, the three youngsters, and me."

As he took his seat, his glance fell on a nearby window illumined by the sun and inscribed with his family name. "Monroe—a solid name, and an old one around these parts. Here my people broke the sod, made their homes, built this church."

For several minutes he sat in thoughtful silence. Then, drawn by some unrecognized yearning, he timidly approached the altar, which he rarely frequented except on Communion Sundays. There he knelt, his head bowed on his hands.

"O Lord," he prayed, "I thank thee for rich, black ground—and for a wheat crop that ought to thresh out good. I'm thankful for a strong body that can do heavy lifting—and for Sarah's good food on the table. Bless all of us who work hard—especially those who are poor and hungry and discouraged. Amen."

The farmer could never explain what happened next. But from the mystery of daily bread his mind moved out to the Bread of Life. The words of the minister on Communion Sunday swept through his thoughts. "This is my body . . . ta this and eat." He heard no audi voice, saw no physical presence, h his spirit was bowed down with a and thankfulness before what knew was Reality. His soul was f

Although he did not understand he was at home in the universe.

Quietly he arose to his feet; ti had passed more quickly than he h realized. When he emerged, it w dusk. The dark forms of the wh shocks stood silently around hi Higher against the tinted sky, t church spire probed its white fing

It seemed to the humbled man t a universe surging with kindly pow pressed in upon him. With stumbli mind, he sought to comprehend present miracle in which the physi and the spiritual, the human and t divine, the temporal and the eter were all gathered up in the purpos the mercy, and the love of God.

Then——"Say Dad, what ha pened to you anyway? You're so l for supper that Mom sent me out call you." The voice caught him sharply. He turned to see his sm son, with bare feet gingerly picki his way through the stubble.

"Well, Bud, you're right, it is most dark," he said. "I was just the church a little while and it ma me late, I guess."

With affection, he looked down the tousled lad. "You know, Bu when I was about your age we h a Sunday-school teacher right h in this same building who tried get us boys to memorize Bible ve es. I wasn't much for study then, b I remember this. It sort of fits a ni evening, with a good wheat crop cut, and our home, and the chur here so old and white and as solid the day your grandfather help build it."

"Well, what was it you learned the boy asked.

After a short pause the man peated reverently and gratefully, "E ter into his gates with thanksgivi and into his courts with praise. thankful unto him and bless name. For the Lord is good: mercy is everlasting: and his tru endures to all generations."

Then silently, his son beside hi the farmer moved across the wh field toward the house in the distan A lamp glowed warmly in the wi dow. He was heading home.

THE PRAYER

Thy will be done
We often say
Seldom adding
As we pray
The words that show
Sincerity
Thy will be done
This day—through me.

—Sue Stanbery Sanders

Golden harvest: Shelled corn, part of Clint Richards' 30,000-bushel crop, cascades from his combine.

eople Called Methodists: *No. 4 in a series*

Land Is a Loan From the Lord

UTWARDLY, you'd take Clinton Richards, his wife, etty, and their four children as a typical rural family. hey live modestly on a 240-acre farm in northeastern wa, heartland of American agriculture. Friday eve- ngs they pile into their secondhand car to visit friends d trade in nearby New Hampton, where Clint, as his friends call him, is active in civic affairs and serves the Methodist church as official-board chairman.

Looking deeper, you'll find that Clint, just 36, owns equipment and land valued at close to $100,000 (less a $20,000 mortgage), and rents another 420 acres. Farming 13 years, he's built a business grossing $25,000

Iowa Soil, Black and Deep

Free advice: Government conservationist Leo Rasmussen bores a soil sample for analysis. He helps Clint plan crops and rotation.

yearly, a third of which is pr

But the Richardses spend littl themselves, although they rec remodeled the kitchen of their year-old farmhouse. Half the pr go for land improvement; an portion is tithed to the church. to Clint, good farming is stewardship.

"Life's biggest challenge," he "is to build a run-down farm in productive one. The land is a from the Lord, and I want to tu back better than I found it."

That's just what Clint is doi using the latest equipment methods. When he bought the in 1951, it was not top land; half was tillable. Today every is useful, rotated as pasture for u 100 Hereford cattle and for rai soybeans, oats, and corn (for w per-acre yield is double the average). Clint has been na "master soil conservationist" and county's outstanding young far

It hasn't all been smooth sa for Betty and Clint, high-sc sweethearts in neighboring Na —near the famous "Little Br Church in the Vale." Marrie 1942, Clint, a bomber co-pilot, shot down two years later, suffe a broken ankle and shrapnel wou He spent the rest of the war Nazi prison without medical and still favors his right leg

But this old injury doesn't

Back-fence business: Clint, active in civic affairs, signs up as a Chamber of Commerce member

aceful mission: Wartime bomber co-pilot Richards works into dusk with a four-bottom plow and his diesel, ne of four tractors he owns. Huddled near a slope across the field are his farm buildings.

Heavy chores: As the only man in the family, Clint does them all. Here he's feeding his Herefords.

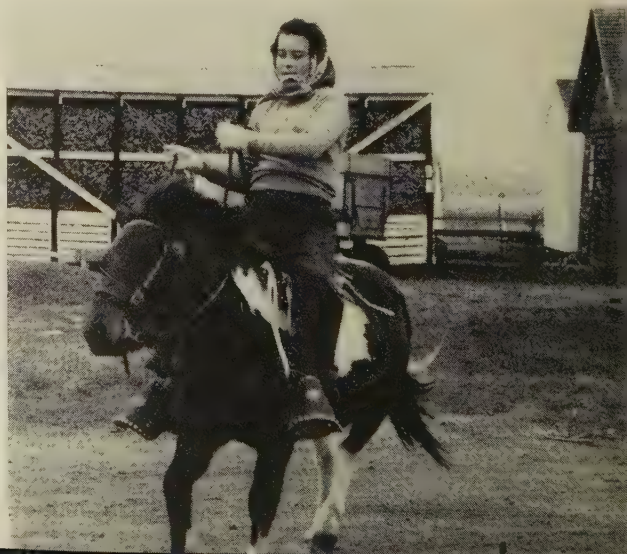
Family portrait: From left, Nancy, 5; Betty; Darlene, 11; Clint; Keith, 2, and Marlys,

Farm Life Is a Good Life

Eight-party line: Contrary to jest, it was open for Clint (above) to order cattle. That jaunty Shetland at right is Darlene's love, Rusty.

Clint from doing all the heavy work on the farm, p "custom" jobs for other farmers using his machine His son, Keith, just 2, is a bit young yet for chores. Darlene, a tomboy at 11, would rather feed chick than practice the piano, and Marlys, 16, helps with hou work when she's not busy with MYF, school ba church choir, or homework. Nancy, 5, mostly keeps dog out of mischief.

We think you'll agree the Richardses are a fine fam of people called Methodists. Active in the commun they contribute much to support their local church. (T problems of such smaller churches, incidentally, are be aired July 21-24 at the Methodist Town and Coun Conference in Wichita.) Importantly, this family tre the land with respect. And the land, in turn, has be good to them.



Man-to-son horseplay: Home for lunch, father greets son—and Peppy, a Dalmatian.

Music Man *land: Tricky tempos are old hat for Marlys, tooting a horn in the school band.*

Special treat: A Friday-night malt, hamburg on the side, is young Nancy's favorite dish.

Small problem: Clint, chairman of the official board and a member of the finance and building committees, quiets Keith during Mrs. Gene Davis' Sunday-school class. That's Betty sitting nearest in the front row.

An American visitor to the motherland of the Wesleys discovers the reasons why

British Methodism Is Different

By ***HARTZELL SPENCE***
Author of One Foot in Heaven

British home missionaries, in the footsteps of John Wesley, still take the Gospel to coal pit heads.

AT THE Hinde Street Methodist Church in London, I sat next to a man from Bellingham, Washington. He and I were the only Americans in a congregation of 400, many of them students at London University. After the benediction, the Westerner turned to me.

"It wasn't much like American Methodism, was it?" he commented with a smile.

"Well," I replied, "the sermon was better."

The service, from the standpoint of an American Methodist, was strange. It was highly liturgical, much of it from the Anglican prayer book. The preacher wore a round collar, like a priest, and entered the pulpit with the blue hood of a university doctorate degree over his black robe. The sermon was straight out of John Wesley: redemption through the saving grace of Jesus.

In Methodist America, we don't hear many sermons like that—strongly backed by Bible text and devoid of personal experience, literary references, or homey anecdotes. When I was a boy, this style was known as "Bible preaching." The London pastor bore down heavily on the need for a "personal experience" of salvation, a publicly avowed "decision for Christ," and the power of the Holy Spirit to cure bodily ills. Yet the discourse was so restrained, delivered so casually, voice pitched humbly a with such obvious conviction, t there was no doubting the speake message.

Later, I discussed this sermon w Dr. W. E. Sangster, general secreta of British Methodism's Home M sion Department [see *The Battle Your Mind,* January, 1958, page 1 I said we couldn't sell that type preaching back home; American co gregations had become too sophis cated.

"I do think," he observed, "t we hold the faith better than you on fundamentals."

From an American view, Briti Methodism is old-fashioned. It a demands a parishioner's entire Su day: service in the morning, Sund school in the afternoon, service night. The midweek prayer and t timony meeting is still featured. many localities, the Wesleyanism the American frontier, circa 1820, in evidence. Little societies meet private houses for song and pra under leadership of a lay preach

Indeed, the lay preacher is keystone of British Methodism. F out of every seven services are co ducted by lay clergy, of whom th are 25,000, compared with 3,434 dained and probationary cler These laymen have only one offic duty: to go about, in their Christ zeal, preaching the Gospel, usua

Many younger men believe Methodism's role is to strike out boldly with a call so insistent that the people will be inspired anew to faith.

n a different pulpit each week. They re soundly grounded in theology, aving passed a stiff examination in Bible knowledge and Christian doc-ine.

They include two members of the House of Lords, a mathematics pro-essor from Oxford, and a few score awyers and physicians. For the most art, they are drawn from the people vhom they serve: tradesmen, labor-rs, farmers, Army personnel. They peak in the language of the work-ng world, whose problems they share aily. In every little town, the Meth-dist lay preacher is a personage. To im, people bring their troubles; vith him, they talk out their per-lexities and fortify their faith. Thus is sermons are keyed to the tempo f contemporary thought.

England also clings to the circuit ystem, as in America in the days f Francis Asbury. One or two pas-ors will have a circuit of perhaps six harges. There are several circuits vith 50 churches, served by 10 or-dained leaders and a superintendent. Under such conditions, the lay preacher is a necessity, else in many villages, where only a handful of Methodists reside, there would be no service at all.

The British church is more democratic than ours. No bishop is there to wield authority and make arbitrary changes of pastoral assignment. There are no areas within which an administrator makes between-Conference decisions. Presiding officers are merely chairmen, and each of the 34 districts has a chief, who corresponds loosely to our district superintendent.

There is only one Conference, to which all 736,781 Methodists belong. Its president is a minister who serves for one year and is never re-elected; its vice-president is always a layman. Six hundred delegates to the Annual Conference make all the necessary basic decisions. Ministers change their assignments, on an average, every five years, by call from a circuit, subject to approval of a Conference Stationing Committee.

There is no personal competition for pulpits and other church offices, since ordained ministers receive about the same pay—$1,400 a year and house. The lay pastors receive nothing—not even expenses.

Few British pastors have much in the way of personal possessions. Each parsonage is completely furnished; the Conference specifies what it shall include, right down to 30 yards of book shelving and window curtains. Thus the clergy move from one furnished manse to another. Few have automobiles, although there is a growing tendency for preachers to visit their circuits and make pastoral calls on motorcycles or motor scooters instead of by bus or train. Deaconesses share the field labors on a par with men.

British Methodists are chiefly from the ranks of the middle and lower-middle classes: artisans, professional people, shopkeepers, and

many of today's prosperous laborers.

In Great Britain, the position of Methodism is difficult. The nation supports a state church with money, preferment, cathedrals, parishes, and schools. Political and social climbers, established families, and those for whom church affiliation is "the thing to do" join, or are born into, the Church of England. Thus Methodism has little prestige, political influence, or money. The average income of the circuits for the entire year of 1957 was 45 cents a member. The Methodists are in the position of being Nonconformist or Free; but of such Free churches, Methodists are the most numerous, being about equal in size to the combined memberships of the other important non-Anglican Protestant communions—the Baptists, Congregationalists, and Presbyterians.

A lethargy like a London fog hangs over religion in Britain. It is in the shadows. The nation lives on the spiritual capital of its forebears. It is not fashionable to go to church. Attendance and membership, even in the established church, decline year after year. All Protestant churches have lost touch with the great masses of the nation and, despite vigorous efforts, seemingly cannot win the people back.

The younger generation, much better educated than its predecessors, sits mainly before agnostic teachers. Almost nowhere in England is the church a bustling community center, with activities for young and old throughout the week. If such facilities were offered, only a handful would attend. The expanding standard of living in a welfare state, new habits after the disruptions of World War II, and the impact of the auto and TV have caused a sharp drop in religious observance in all Protestant faiths. The Methodist decline is about in proportion to that of other Protestant bodies.

Sociological factors put all the churches at baffling odds in the fight to reverse this trend. During World War II, hundreds of Methodist churches were destroyed by bombings; thousands of others were so grievously damaged that services ceased. Vast numbers of people lost touch with their native parishes.

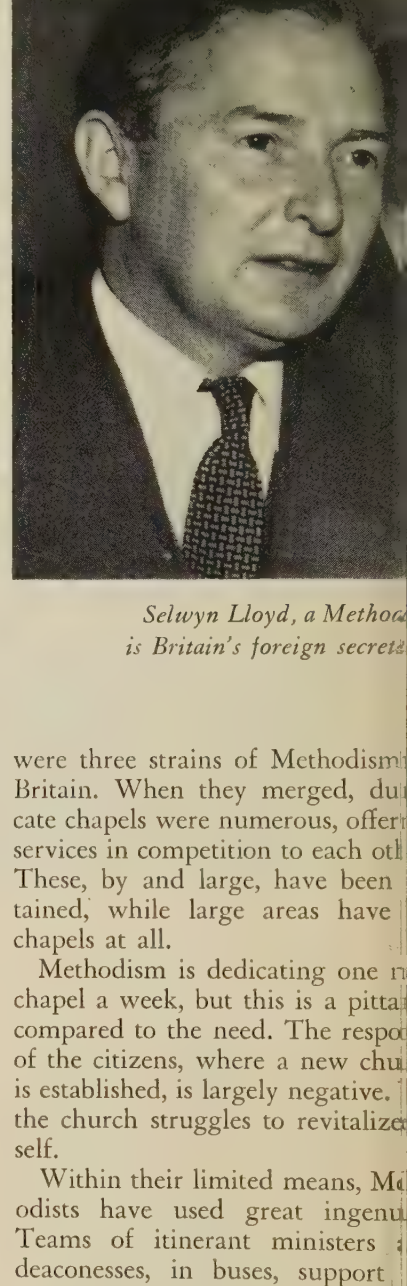
Since 1932, almost half the population of England and Wales has moved to new housing. Huge suburban developments have been opened and this trend continues unabated under the spur of strong Socialist and Labor politicians who are conspicuously cold to Methodism. This is odd, considering that Methodism had much to do with the beginning of the Labor movement.

So the Methodists—and all churches—are in the hopeless position of supporting two or three older edifices in a depopulating area, but have little money with which to follow the population to its new homes. This is particularly grievous to the Methodists. Until 1932 there were three strains of Methodism in Britain. When they merged, du cate chapels were numerous, offer services in competition to each oth These, by and large, have been tained, while large areas have chapels at all.

Methodism is dedicating one n chapel a week, but this is a pitta compared to the need. The respo of the citizens, where a new chu is established, is largely negative. the church struggles to revitalize self.

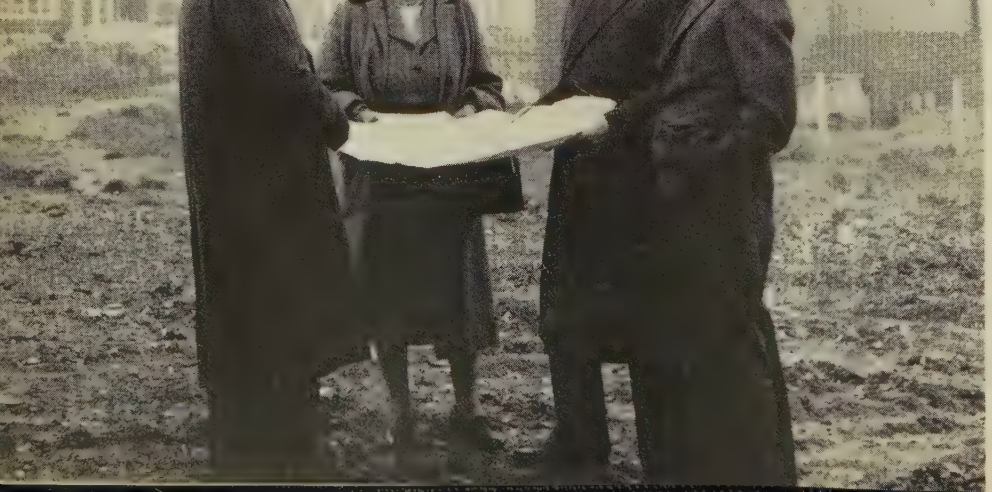
Within their limited means, Me odists have used great ingenu Teams of itinerant ministers deaconesses, in buses, support work of lay pastors in the new se ments. It is like an eyedropper clear water in a muddy pool. Ipswich, for example, two new s urbs to accommodate 25,000 pe are rising on 550 acres. The M odists have a splendid site there a in 1957, opened a chapel. But i teeming population of unchurc people, vigorous evangelism has tracted fewer than 100 members.

People do not respond today the same emphasis that stood J Wesley well during the indust revolution, although Methodist ho missionaries still take the Gospe coal pit heads, to the streets, to tories, even into the pubs, in



Selwyn Lloyd, a Metho is Britain's foreign secret

Despite lack of funds British Methodists dedicate one new chapel a week, plan still more in growing suburban areas.



manner of their founder. Social concern is strong among them. Yet here is a typical report from one organizational drive:

"We visited every house on the new housing estate. The response was very poor." Even within existing parishes, the spirit is often low. Said a visitor in one such church, "The society is very apathetic. Obviously the Young Farmer's Club came first in their minds."

Where all this will lead nobody knows. I talked to a dozen leaders of British Methodism, and none had an answer to this question. A few think the ultimate solution is absorption by the Church of England. This has historic precedent, for John Wesley never relinquished his ordination in the established church.

Many younger men believe Methodism's role is to strike out boldly with an up-to-date voice, with a call so clarion that the people will be inspired anew to faith. The other non-Anglican denominations look to their largest colleague, the Methodists, for leadership in such a drive. But so far nothing has been accomplished except endless committee meetings.

But there are signs of resurgence. More young men are studying for the Methodist ministry than in some years; there is no shortage of pastors or lay workers. A few wealthy members, such as Sir Arthur Rank, the film magnate, are contributing heavily to home-missionary work. A Methodist, Selwyn Lloyd, sits in the British cabinet as foreign secretary. [For more on Lord Rank and Mr. Lloyd, see *Unusual Methodists,* April, 1959, page 16, and July, 1958, page 16.] The downward curve of church membership was halted in 1956, though it sagged again in 1957.

New vitality appears. At Sheffield, a parish which for many years had 34 worshipers has quadrupled its membership since 1953 and has 300 young people in Sunday school. At Downend, a new congregation meeting in a farmhouse has gathered together 37 communicants. At Louth, in a new suburb, a Methodist society meets in the locker room of a football club and draws 100 to Sunday school. A youth rally last summer at Methodist headquarters, near Westminster Abbey in London, drew 3,000 eager teen-agers. A college of industrial evangelism was opened in 1957 at Luton, site of a large auto factory. Fifty-four Methodist chaplains serve the armed forces and 81 chaplains visit the prisons.

These are just a few evidences of a dynamism which may, in time, restore British Methodism to its former position of leading a great revival. The odds are no more formidable than in Wesley's day. But Wesley found a way to interpret Christ excitingly to his apathetic generation.

So far, British Methodism has not found a way to breathe that fire into the educated hearts of the space age. But it is trying. And the leadership of British Methodism has a virility, an eagerness of witness, which I am positive would pass the inspection of John Wesley himself.

Why the UN Honored A Methodist Church

ADMINISTRATIVE headquarters for British Methodism is London's Central Hall. It was the site of the inaugural meeting of the UN General Assembly—and thus it holds an honor unique among the world's Methodist churches.

In 1958, the UN issued two special commemorative stamps—a three-cent blue and an eight-cent purple (right)—to pay its tribute to this huge, copper-domed church. In that Viennese-baroque structure, only a few minutes' walk from Westminster Abbey, representatives of 51 nations convened on January 10, 1946, to chart the permanent UN organization. While delegates took over the 2,500-seat auditorium for 36 days, the congregation worshiped in borrowed sanctuaries.

In five languages, the stamps paid homage to Central Hall.

This wise parent handles teen-agers by allowing no

Minutes for Mischief

A Together in the Home feature

By H. B. WALTERS

She settled down at the phone for a long, long tal

THE PHONE RANG and my daughter catapulted from her chair like a jet plane from a carrier. In the hall, pony tail still bouncing, she grabbed the receiver. Then:

"Hello Eddie," came her voice, dripping with honey. There followed the verbal pattern that indicates adolescence is settling down for a long, long talk.

I tried to read the Wall Street news, but the obbligato of giggles, squeals, and chitchat began to make devastating inroads. I put the paper aside and from the depths of my frustration wondered how my widowed mother had ever survived four teen-agers. Four!

How did she do it, alone? Mother's system, I'm sure, would still be as up-to-date today as a hot rod—and just about as subtle. She never controlled us with tears or a stick, yet her hard-working hands always held a tight rein on her chargers.

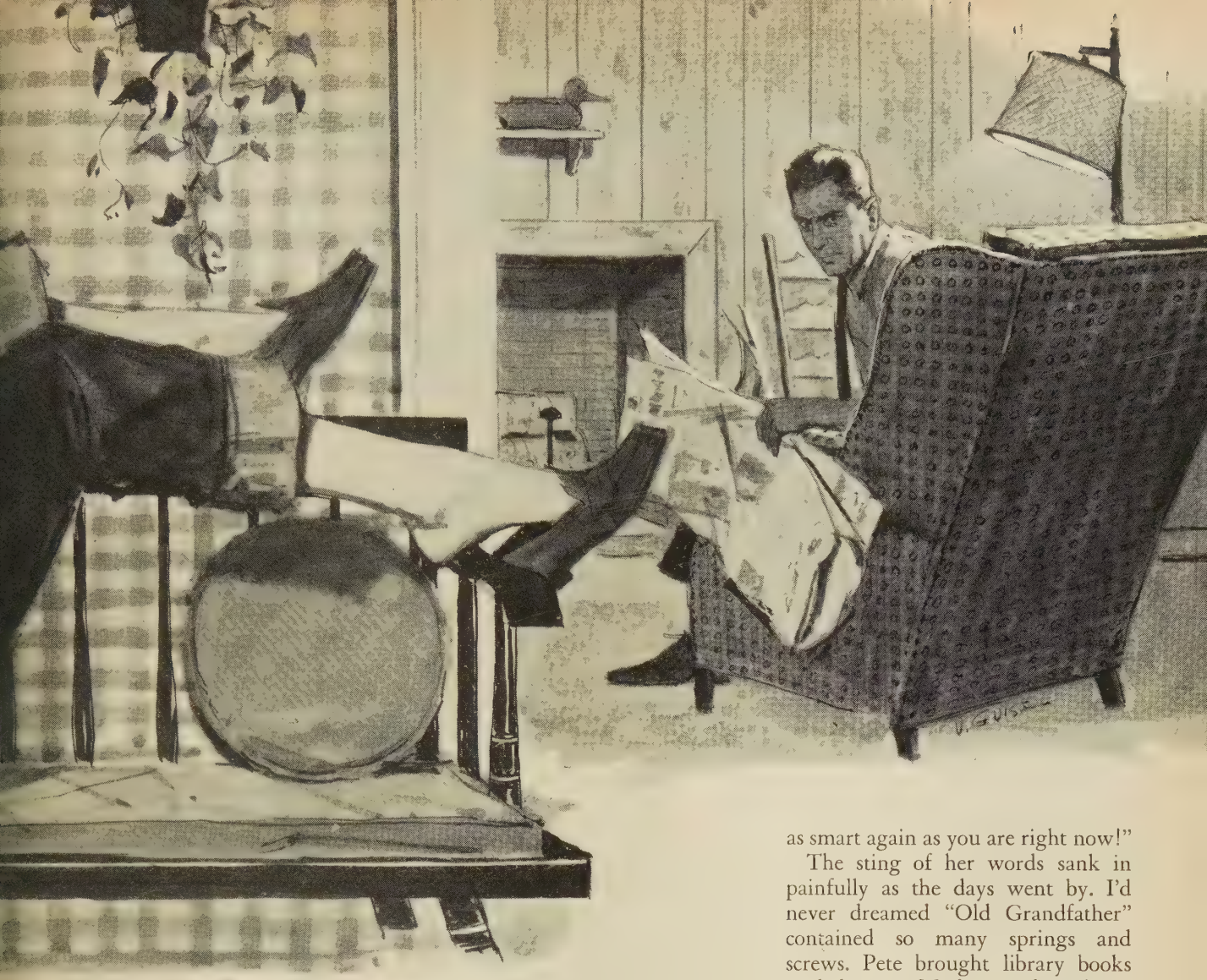
Her secret, I'm convinced, was to keep us all so involved in some project or other that we didn't have time to get into mischief. Just let one of us show curiosity about something —anything—and into her tired blue eyes would leap a purposeful gleam. Her foot would tap out a familiar rhythm as an idea took shape in her mind. Thought out, the project would be announced with the excitement of a 21-gun salute: "Let's get library books on this. There'll be a prize for the one who . . ."

We'd bound off like bloodhounds on the trail, haunting secondhand shops, making scrapbooks, building miniatures.

Of course, some projects took a turn that wasn't to Mother's taste. I remember her sickly pallor the time Pete brought home a snake. I attributed it then to femininity or an ignorance of snakes. Now that I have been educated by my own offspring, I realize that it had simply become necessary for Mother to shift some deep inner gears. She was being forced into a higher speed—a change she had to make every few weeks. But always, as Mother made the shift, she drove home a point.

When my sister Janice brought home a crippled butterfly, for instance, Mother taught us reverenc for life. First we had to find out ho to care for injured butterflies. The we took turns feeding it a siru made of sugar and water, marvelin as it unrolled its own "drinkin straw." After knowing this livin butterfly intimately we never wante to kill one for a collection. Throug this simple experience, Mother ha taught us that all life is sacred an we are kin to every creature.

Perseverance was also in Mother program. This she taught by examp rather than word. She had no unde standing of mechanics, but whe Pete expressed his interest in th mechanical world she bought make-it-yourself motor. The dire tions assured us that this was som thing any child could put togethe The only catch was that neith Mother nor Pete understood th meaning of such things as coil generators, or alternating curren



Soon they were both "all at sea."

Pete would have given up, but he was ashamed to be a quitter. That, in Mother's eyes, was about as low as you could get. By the end of the week we were all involved in the battle of spare parts. And we finally won. As a by-product of the victory, we all gained the ability to stick to a thing through to the end.

Fearlessness was another trait Mother stressed. Not fearlessness in the presence of danger, but before the unknown or the difficult. But I have to smile as I remember the time this bounced back on her.

One of her most cherished possessions was a grandfather's clock. When "Old Grandfather," as we called this heirloom, began showing the eccentricities of age—getting us up one morning at five instead of seven—I boldly suggested that I repair it. Mother gulped as I stood shining with good intentions, waiting for the word that would send my teen-age hands into the springs and cogs. She had taught me to have courage; now I had it.

While Mother was shifting her inner gears, my sister expressed her opinion of my ability in the withering words sisters feel privileged, even obligated, to use. I held my ground, assuring myself that all geniuses were without renown in their families.

After a moment Mother spoke: "Very well, Son." I saw her fling an apologetic glance at "Old Grandfather" as she offered him on the altar of adolescence to drive home the lesson of perseverance.

I felt as important as Columbus taking his ships into uncharted seas as I opened the door of the clock and began to explore the unknown. I knew about as much as he did about where I was going to get, too.

Janice sniffed in disgust. "Sail on, Sonny!" she said. "You'll never be as smart again as you are right now!"

The sting of her words sank in painfully as the days went by. I'd never dreamed "Old Grandfather" contained so many springs and screws. Pete brought library books to help me. Mother said nothing. Janice continued to goad with smart quips. Her scornful, "Admit you're licked, smart guy," only made me hang on with renewed grit.

Finally, after assistance from a neighbor, the old clock began to tick. It was the most joyful sound I had ever heard. Mother stood in silent admiration. Her calm probably hid prayers of thanksgiving, but I took it to mean she had never lost faith in me. Certainly if in later years she ever discovered an extra screw hidden inside that old clock's case she kept the secret.

Passing years continually brought new problems, yet Mother's basic secret remained the same. She did more than keep our fingers busy. She stimulated our minds to seek knowledge and our hearts to stand stoutly before the difficult. And, in bringing the adult world down to our level where we could persevere and win, she left us no minutes for mischief. That, I believe, is a wonderful secret we can well use today.

Why Oregon Remember

This persevering missionary founded its first settlement, stimulated migration— and helped save the state for the U.S.

By WILLIAM L. WORDEN

THE NAME of Jason Lee is perpetuated on statues in Statuary Hall in Washington and on the Oregon State Capitol grounds, and by the façade of Jason Lee Junior High School in Tacoma, Wash. Willamette University, Methodist-related, at Salem, Oreg., traces descent from a school he started, and its students honor him in song as sons of Yale do their immortal Eli.

The man stirred an entire church in his lifetime and has kept historians and novelists arguing during most of the 114 years since his death. He founded the first U.S. settlement in Oregon, encouraged much of the migration which caused it to become a state rather than part of Canada, and so impressed his beliefs that Methodists form one of the largest Protestant groups in the state today.

These are facts you'll find in the records. But this Jason Lee was not altogether a success—in his day. He set out on a mission to the Flathead Indians, but did not even pause within 100 miles of Flathead territory; he spent thousands in missionary funds, but converted only a handful of Indians; the only school he personally founded was a failure; and hardships cost the lives of his two wives, and his own. A dissatisfied Board of Missions closed out some of his projects. And even his death failed to silence his critics.

Nevertheless, for daring and stamina, few men in Methodist history can match him. Fewer can match his impact on history.

The second quarter of the 19th century might be called an age of naïveté in the U.S. Unprepared men rushed across the continent on the strength of chimerical rumors—of gold, of free lands, of clarion calls for missions. Tragedy dogged them, but a nation grew where their feet had stumbled.

Lee, Protestantism's first representative on the northwesterly trek, was 26—a big, woods-toughened farmer—before he improved a grade-school education. Youngest of 16 children of an American Revolutionary War veteran living in Stanstead, Lower Canada (now Quebec), he'd earned a living of sorts from the age of 10. Converted during a revival, he began preaching and in 1829 spent about a year at Wilbraham (Mass.) Academy, where he impressed Dr. Wilbur Fisk.

One academy friend wrote: "Jason Lee was a large, athletic young man, six feet and three inches in height, with a fully developed frame and a constitution like iron." And a historian insisted Lee had "a stomach like that of an ostrich, which could digest anything."

At any rate, he was involved almost from the first in the most ambitious Western missionary effort of early American Methodists. Four West Coast Indians, impelled by curiosity about the white man, had appeared in St. Louis in 1831. When Methodists learned of the visit through *The Christian Advocate,* they interpreted it as "a great call" from "untutored savages" for someone to teach them Christianity.

Lee, recommended by Dr. Fisk for the job, spent most of 1833 holding fund-raising meetings and in selecting a small mission party. This included his nephew, Daniel Lee, a Boston teacher, Cyrus Shepard, and two hired assistants, Philip J. H wards and Courtney M. Walk Some equipment was shipped Fort Vancouver on the Columl River via a brig, but the men join an overland party headed by Ca Nathaniel J. Wyeth, a fur trad On April 28, 1834, on horseback a driving a few cattle and mules, th left Independence, Mo., with Wye

Oddly, the trip was made withc seeing a hostile Indian. Jason L got along so well with the trappe half-breeds, and traders that John Townsend, a Philadelphia physici and naturalist with the Wyeth par wrote from Fort Hall, Idaho: "T next day being Sabbath, our go missionary, Mr. Jason Lee, was quested to hold a meeting . . . a the greater part of the men, includi the Indians, attended. The usu forms of the Methodist service we gone through. . . . The people we remarkably quiet and attentive, a the Indians set upon the ground li statues."

Townsend noted that the India treated Lee with respect; perha another incident was responsible. that time, Lee was milking one the three cows the missionaries we driving when the company mov out from an overnight camp. H continued to milk as the arm column moved away. Presently, band of Indians plunged over nearby hill. Men from the Wyc company, frightened, turned ba toward the missionary. But Lee cal ly kept on milking until the India —who turned out to be friendly were all around him.

With this and similar adventur the missionaries after 4½ mont

JASON LEE

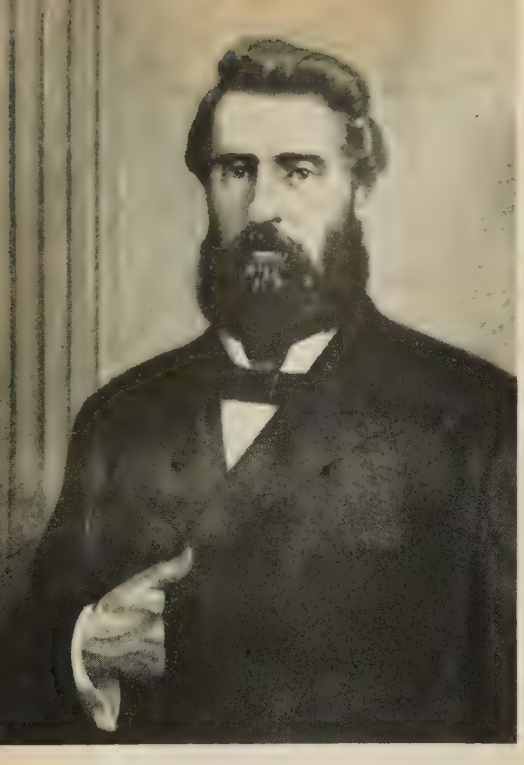
On a lonely Sabbath in 1834, at Fort Hall, Idaho, Lee led services for trappers and Indians.

came to Fort Vancouver, on the Columbia River. Kindly, white-haired Dr. John McLoughlin made them welcome, although as factor of the Hudson's Bay Company he was naturally opposed to American settlement. Nevertheless, he helped the Americans, advising Lee to set up his mission not in the Flathead country east of the Cascade Mountains, but in the rich Willamette (pronounced Wi-lam′ĕt) Valley, only about 60 miles south of Vancouver. Indians in this rain-swept, fertile valley were members of several small tribes, unwarlike, nomadic—and dying rapidly of white men's diseases.

The five missionaries traveled up the Willamette River in Indian canoes, portaged around thundering falls, finally chose a flat spot on the upper riverbank for their headquarters, and there proceeded to build the first church structure in Oregon. Although none was a doctor, they did what they could for the friendless, sickly, Indian children.

After a time, Jason sent his nephew, Daniel Lee, to open a subsidiary mission near The Dalles, well up the Columbia River; and Shepard opened a school for Indian children. Later, additional stations were opened at Clatsop, near the mouth of the Columbia, on Puget Sound (near Nisqually), and at the present site of Oregon City. The original mission was moved to the present site of Salem, Oreg., and a permanent site for the Indian school was selected where Willamette University now stands, in Salem.

The first mission reinforcements, coming by sea from the East Coast,



Jason Lee: At 41, death ended his pioneering ministry.

included Anna Maria Pittman, who had been sent out by the church as a bride for Jason Lee. This odd beginning for a marriage—records indicate they had seen each other only once before her arrival in Oregon—appears to have had only happy results.

Correspondence by both Lee and his bride indicates a marriage which was as idyllic as if it had resulted from long and ardent courtship.

Anna planted roses to beautify the rude home at the old mission which they shared with various travelers, Indian children, and families of other Methodist missionaries. [See pages 2-3.]

Lee was forced to leave his pregnant wife behind, however, when he started back across the country to report to the church board and various congregations. Again, his trip was made on horseback, thousands of miles through Indian country, and finally to St. Louis. But before he reached civilization, a faster party from Oregon brought him dire news: Anna had died in childbirth.

Lee spent more than a year away, mostly devoted to meetings telling the story of Oregon. Curiously, his influence in the Central and Eastern U.S. as a spokesman for Oregon, predicting a bright future and urging action to secure it, was greater than his influence with the Oregon Indians or settlers. In Oregon, even friends differed about the future and the directions the new area should take. But in the East, Lee was accepted as an authoritative spokesman. Several parties of settlers were organized mainly because of his efforts, and Methodist missionary fervor resulted in the sending back of five more missionaries.

Lee's personal life was almost nonexistent, with the single important exception of a stop at Barre, Vt., where he was married to Miss Lucy Thomson on July 28, 1839. It is probable that this marriage was not so romantic as his first; the bride's letters home referred to sacrifice, missionary zeal, and expectation of death, then with restraint typical of that era made this comment on her husband:

"My further acquaintance with Mr. Lee proves him to be worthy of the confidence which I reposed in him. He is one of the kindest, best of men, and every way deserving of my affection. In a word, he is all to me that an earthly friend could be. . . ."

The second reinforcements for the Oregon mission sailed from New York on October 3, 1839. The 51 persons included Lee, one Chinook boy, five ministers, a physician, a mission steward, four young women teachers, and a number of laymen, mostly blacksmiths and carpenters. Only two farmers were included. The continuous struggles of this group, and the discontent of wives who never wanted to go to Oregon, make a dreary chronicle. By the time they landed, several were ready to go home again.

Nevertheless, most of them, spurred by Lee, did stay on. A series of missions bulged with families and orphaned native children. A church rose at Oregon City, and a church store provided competition for the Hudson's Bay Company. Jason Lee encouraged all this work, took part in the Champoeg meeting which started Oregon toward statehood, preached in the Chinook Jargon, and called a meeting which organized the Oregon Institute (eventually Willamette University).

Jason Lee never stopped his circuit riding by canoe and horseback, encouraging the missionaries, do what he could for the misera Indians, making life a little ea for everyone. At his insiste Oregon's largest building was rai a $10,000 structure for an Ind manual-arts school. This later purchased by the Oregon Instit and developed into Willamet present campus.

Occasionally, Lee's new wife w with him, but the birth of th daughter a year after their arriva Oregon resulted in Lucy's de three weeks later. This new gr coupled with growing criticism "worldliness"—operation of fa and mills which competed with ot settlers and the Hudson's Bay Co pany—finally convinced Lee he m make one more trip East. With baby daughter and another miss family, he took a ship to Honol and was waiting there for transpo tion around Cape Horn when w reached him that the Board of M sions had relieved him as superv in Oregon.

Leaving his daughter with missionary couple, Lee went schooner to the west coast of Mex fought his way across the cou by horseback and stage, and eve ally reached New York. There, defended his policies before Board, which cleared him of vague charges and restored his of "Missionary to Oregon," but his position of mission superinte ent. Lee was preparing to go Oregon a third time when he d during a visit to Stanstead, Ma 12, 1845. At 41, his ministry pioneering career had ended.

He had not converted many dians. But his way of colonizat development, and building a s represented a worth-while chu project.

One hundred years were requi before there was general recogni of the fact that a brave and sinc man, in 11 years, had laid four tions for a state which even to has a definite character; a state home-loving, stable, and often gious families, on the whole, a s proud of its Methodist schools churches—and one of which Meth ists can be uniquely proud. And all of this, Oregon, in this centen year of its statehood, honors Ja Lee, pioneering missionary.

MIDMONTH POWWOW

Pro and con talk from pastors on Protestant 'wooden curtains':

Should Church Doors Be Kept Unlocked?

YES, KEEP THEM OPEN!

Graham Hodges
Emmanuel Congregational Church, Watertown, N.Y.

A WOMAN whose grown son—her only child—is incurably ill recently told me how much she wished her church was open during the day so she could go in and pray when her troubles grow too heavy.

I have heard an ex-alcoholic say the same thing. And in a former parish a teacher with serious financial and family problems found her chief comfort many a dreary afternoon in slipping into our church for a quiet period.

Yet too many Protestant churches have dropped a wooden curtain in the faces of their members—and others in their communities who need them—166 hours every week. For only two hours, on Sunday morning, are their doors open. The rest of the time they are locked.

Why do we keep church doors closed? Mostly because of tradition. Some cautious members fear careless visitors, especially children, may set off a fire. But church fires usually occur late at night and most are caused by faulty wiring or heating systems. Other members may fear thievery or vandalism. True, there may be losses—but these will be more than offset by the spiritual comfort the open church gives to many.

I once remarked to a hardware store owner who was putting in a self-service system that it was too bad churches couldn't have a self-service arrangement too. He nodded his head toward the Roman Catholic Church:

Who comes to the unlocked churches?
Those who seek quiet and guidance, as above?
Or troublemakers out to pilfer?

"Our friends across the street do," he reminded me.

Protestants are building thousands of beautiful new churches. Will they be true sanctuaries, where people can turn to God all week? There's no reason why the sexton or minister can't open a door early in the morning and lock it at night. And, with automatic timing devices, there's no reason why churches with beautiful windows shouldn't leave their lights on all night. Surely there should be something more to brighten the darkness than the neon glare of taverns!

OUR VISITORS APPRECIATE IT

Roscoe C. Johnson
Methodist Church, Williamsburg, Va.

WILLIAMSBURG is visited by a constant swirl of students, tourists, newcomers to Virginia, and service personnel. One morning a lady from London, a British Methodist, asked to see our church. She spent about an hour and I decided right then that the doors should be left open in the day and evening.

During the first week visitors from six foreign countries and all parts of the U.S. signed the guest register. Stuck in the pulpit Bible I found a note: "A church can render no more meaningful service than to be open for those who pass by to come in and pray. Thank you!"

There have, of course, been problems. An expensive microphone was stolen and we have to lock up equipment. But we feel that despite such occurrences, and the danger that something else will be taken or damaged, having the church open to the people is one of the finest parts of its ministry.

WE LOCKED OUR DOORS

Elmer W. Wilkins
Embury Methodist Church, Paterson, N.J.

OUR CONGREGATION feels inclined to have the church open—but has had to close it of necessity. City and intercity buses discharge and pick up passengers by the church. Across the street is a large hospital. We tried keeping the church open during the day and early evening, but people began to use it as a bus-waiting station, particular in cold or inclement weather. We sustained some property damage and littering of the steps and vestibule with trash. It became necessary, therefore, to close the church.

YOUNG AND OLD COME TO PRAY

C. R. Buckwalter
First Methodist Church, Storm Lake, Iowa

WE HAVE a small chapel which holds 50 people. It is usually lighted and never locked. The parsonage is next door and many times at night I have seen a outside. When I have stepped into the chapel, I h found someone there in quiet, waiting before God prayer and meditation. It has come to be a habit w some folks, old and young. We also use the chapel a 24-hour prayer vigil ending with Communion, Thu day night before Easter.

THIEVES PASS US I

Francis Mich
Methodist Church, New Athens,

TWO CHURCHES of the five in our community k their doors locked. Both of these locked churches h been entered at times, and one of them has had a $1, sound system stolen. But the open-door churches, wh the doors are never locked and thieves could really m a "cleanout," have never been molested! This commun feels that "no church should ever lock its doors." A the people of our church believe open doors have a gr symbolism.

VANDALISM STOPPED U

J. Warne Sanit
Bothell Methodist Church, Bothell, W

WE ARE ISOLATED and do not dare leave the bu ing open. There has been a high rate of church v dalism lately in the Seattle area. Many have been p tically wrecked in one night. We have gone so far as install electronically controlled lights to surround building with light at night. [This beautiful church, cidentally, was one of three Methodist churches that ceived awards for architectural excellence at the Natio Church Architecture Conference in February.—E The building is open every day from 9 to 5, and in evenings when there is a program or meeting or of the church staff is there. I believe the church sho be open every day on scheduled hours. But to le it open all night puts temptation before people.

A STRANGER CONVINCED U

David W. Hamb
Fair Park Methodist Church, Abilene, T

THE DOORS of the church should never be closed people who would like to enter and pray or medita Not long ago I had a letter from a man who had pas through our city. He had noticed the church door v open and had gone in and prayed. He wrote that t was the first time he had ever really prayed—and t later on he found a real relationship with Christ. T one instance is enough to convince us that the chu needs to have open doors.

Methodist Box Score

Based on a Together survey

46 per cent of the churches surveyed never lock their doors.
19 per cent are unlocked for regular, stated hours during the week.
5 per cent seldom, or irregularly, leave their doors unlocked.
30 per cent are locked except when services or meetings are held.

LONELY CHURCH ABUSED

NORMAN EDWARDS
Pleasant Hill Methodist Church, Knoxville, Tenn.

OUR CHURCH is in the far-fringe of the county, in a rather sparsely developed area. The building—which, incidentally, is the third structure to be occupied by our 10-year-old congregation—is 11 years old and is of brick veneer construction. Originally it was left unlocked, but it was found that the premises were being used—and abused—by transients and dating couples. Consequently, it became necessary to lock the doors to preserve the property.

CAN'T WE WORSHIP ANYWHERE?

OLIVER DAVIS, JR.
Mentor Plains Methodist Church, Mentor-on-the-Lake, Ohio

RECENTLY WE announced that our church would be open for prayer and worship. We advertised it. The doors remained open, but nobody paid any attention. The Protestant approach, it seems to me, is not to open our churches to imitate our Roman Catholic brethren. We are taught that God is able to help us where we are and that we should worship him where we are. It's not necessary to open our churches. God is not hiding. We can find him anywhere, any time. The church building is part of the total pattern of a Protestant's life. I understand the church to be the people called of God to work, worship, and serve him. If we keep the church open, we keep ourselves open for God. The sooner we accept this, the stronger we will be.

WORKERS WANT TO WORSHIP

ROBERT H. EASON
Methodist Church, Ayden, N.C.

THIS CHURCH is locked except when services or meetings are being held because some members fear it might be used for immoral purposes. Personally, I prefer that the sanctuary remain open 24 hours a day. In some of the churches I have served, the opportunity to worship at odd hours has been very well utilized. With the increase of industry in the South, many workers have odd leisure hours and often miss the regularly planned church meetings. If they have an opportunity, those who are deeply spiritual will worship silently in their own church. This habit needs to be encouraged in our Protestant churches.

HAVE LOCK, NEVER USE IT

WEBSTER R. HOBB
Methodist Church, Lena, Ill.

UNTIL 18 MONTHS AGO the doors of our church were kept locked. Then, either by accident or divine providence, the lock on the front door broke. The church was not molested and people began to appreciate the opportunity to slip into the church quietly, without having to ask for a key. And still more and more people are coming to the church during the week. Now that the lock is fixed, the door is never locked—and we could throw away our key.

Dr. Nall Answers Questions About

Your Faith and Your Church

Did Jesus descend into hell?

The earliest creeds do not mention it, nor do we Methodists include "descended into hell" in our version of the Apostles' Creed (Par. 1904 in *The Discipline*). Nonetheless, it has been used by some sister denominations.

Biblical support for the idea is meager—only 1 Peter 3:18-20, which tells that Christ went down and preached "to the spirits in prison," and 1 Peter 4:6, which comments about the Gospel being preached to the dead "that though judged in the flesh like men, they might live in the spirit like God."

Furious debates have raged about the phrase, which attempts to explain what happened between the Crucifixion and the Resurrection. Furthermore, it does attempt to solve the problem of the millions who lived before Christ and, therefore, never had a chance to accept or reject the Gospel.

Obviously, all this is one of the mysteries. Surely it is not important enough to be included in the great ideas that make up the body of Christian belief in all cultures and all centuries.

Can women preach in Methodist churches?

They can, and they do—eloquently, helpfully.

Several General Conferences ago, the supreme lawmaking body of The Methodist Church permitted the ordination of women, and the 1956 General Conference made it possible for those who are educationally qualified to be admitted into full membership in the Annual Conferences. Of course, the Conferences are then responsible for assigning them to churches.

While Methodism was not the first to grant such privileges, many other denominations are still debating. But despite the Jewish downgrading of women, and despite Paul's fulminations against them Christ brought women (and Gentiles) into full membership in the Israel of God.

There are really no theological objections against the ministry of the Word and the Sacraments by women, and there are many practical arguments in favor of it.

Dr. T. Otto Nall, who answers readers' queries in this column, is editor of The New Christian Advocate. *As journalist, teacher, and minister, he has traveled through the Holy Land, Europe, and Africa in quest for knowledge of man's worship of God.*

***Echo** of our past: Mayflower II anchored off Plymouth. Photo by Mrs. Edna MacDougall, Westford, Mass.*

'My Country 'tis of Thee'

Sweet land of liberty...Land of the pilgrims' pride, From every mountainside, Let freedom ring!

***Peaceful** sylvan setting of Old South Methodist Church, Reading, Mass., inspired* America's *author to write of this nation's spiritual wealth.*

YOU PHOTOGRAPHER-READERS have done again! This time 1,650 of you—from every state a several countries, sent in 12,549 color transparenc to illustrate the hymn, *America*. With sincere pr and gratitude we present here some of the best.

Surely, when Dr. Samuel F. Smith wrote this loved poem-hymn some 130 years ago, he ne imagined the impact it would have on future gene tions. As a seminary student, Smith was moved express his prayerful appreciation of our freedom a of God's abundance in our land. That TOGETH family of photographers is no less appreciative shown by the glorious pictures we reviewed.

America was truly church-inspired. Smith was Baptist minister, and Old South Methodist Chu in Reading, Mass. (left), also played an incide part. Records there mention Smith's passing by of en route to Andover Seminary. At that time church was Congregationalist, but the building w purchased by the Methodists in 1886. When it burn in 1910, a replica was erected on the site.—EDS.

***Autumn trail** to Mt. Shuks in Washington. Glenn Dixon Mount Vernon, Wash., u a Graphic, 1/10 at f/*

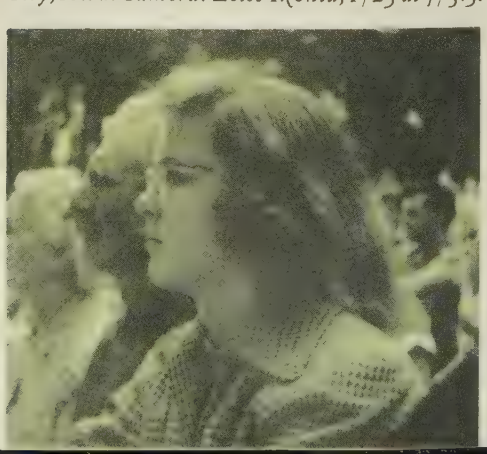
***A vast** Navaho reservation in the Southwest: Edith Jerry—a Christian Indian missionary—poses with he two grandsons for Mrs. Inez H. Goss of Ganado, Ariz. Mrs. Goss used a Rolleicord 1/30 at f/5.6*

My native country, thee,

Land of the noble, free

Thy name I love;

***The face of youth:** Karlis Sunins, Webster City, Iowa. Camera: Zeiss Ikonta, 1/25 at f/3.5.*



***The courage of youth:** Mrs. Helen P. Stacey, West Liberty, Ky. Kodak Pony, 1/50 at f/5.6.*

***The faith of youth:** Ray L. Nelson, Mammoth Cave, Ky*

***Christmas dusk** in the big city: this striking view near the Empire State Building halted*
Dr. Rodger Moon, Prairie Village, Kans., Contaflex, 50-mm. lens, 12 seconds, f/4.

From mountain rocks, *our rivers roll. Campbell Funk of Glendora, Calif., with a Retina, 1/50 at f/4.5.*

I love thy rocks
and rills,
Thy woods and
templed hills;
My heart with
rapture thrills,
Like that above.

The Rockies *in cloud beds at sunrise. W. G. Howell of Boise, Idaho, with a Linhof Super, 1/10 at f/6.3.*

At attention: when taps sound at a Boy Scout Jamboree in Corona Del Mar, Calif., Glen Smith, 7, stops his playf clambering and manages a salute. Photo by Dr. S. Raynor Smith with an Exakta II, 1/150 at f/2.

Let music swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees...

River in rain: W. G. Childress, Sacramento, Calif. The scene: Yosemite. Camera: His Leica, 1/10 at f/4.5.

***Friends:** Mrs. Mabel Bengeyfield, Westwood, N.J., snapp her young daughter, Gail, with an Argus, 1/50 at f/3*

Let all that
breathe partake;
Let rocks
their silence break,
The sound prolong.

Thundering Pacific surf: *Laura Krarup, Morristown, N.J., used her Bolsey camera, 1/100 at f/5.6.*

Yellowstone grandeur: *"If all children could see this great country, they would be better Americans and better children," says Cort Best, New Albany, Ind., a photographer who set his Rolleiflex 1/50 at f/11.*

From the great outdoors, *a reader's camera turns appropriately to candlelight services at First Methodist Chur Clinton, Iowa, for in such places, and in the reverent hearts of men, is America's greatest glory. Norton Braudt of Clin opened the shutter of his Argus camera for 15 seconds at f/5.6 to record this impressive pre-Christmas progra*

Long may our land be bright, With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by Thy might, Great God, our Kin

Unhappy, unkind people make the world worse. A scene from the film based on our Reader's Choice.

READER'S CHOICE

This story of a woman's desire for a better world appeared first in *The Christian Advocate* August 9, 1956. It so impressed R. W. Fair, Methodist businessman of Tyler, Tex., that he printed 700,000 pamphlet copies for free distribution (write him at Box 689, Tyler, for yours). The Fair Foundation has had it filmed by Methodism's Television, Radio, and Film Commission. First to suggest we reprint it, Mrs. Florence Palmer, of Los Angeles, Calif., receives $25.—*Eds.*

A Better World Begins With Me

By BECKY BURRIS

ONE DAY it suddenly occurred to me that I couldn't sit and twiddle my thumbs and expect the world to get better. No. If this is to be a better world, I must make it better myself. At least, I must make it better all around me.

I didn't have much; just my heart and my head and my hands. My heart spoke first.

"You can't pile up rocks to heave at your neighbors and make the world better," it told me. "You can't invent bigger and more horrible atomic bombs to drop on your neighbors and make it better.

"Rocks and bombs belong to hate. That is what is wrong with the world today—everybody is trying to outhate everybody else. The only weapon powerful enough to destroy hate is love. Love only can cure the world's ills. To make the world a better place, all you have to do is fill the world with love."

Simple, isn't it?

The incomprehensible thing is that love is free. It lies all around us, waiting to be picked up and nourished and harvested and used.

You don't have to impoverish a country to build a stockpile of love. You don't have to float loans, or raise taxes, or sell government bonds to produce it.

My head spoke next.

"Before you can make the world better," it pointed out, "you must be better yourself. You must clean everything else out of your heart and fill it with love."

I got to work. It was a hard job. I was rusty at loving. Others, anyway. I loved myself. I had to study love and how to get it. I went to the Bible. "Love your neighbor as yourself," it told me. I worked hard. I couldn't do it alone, so I asked God to help me.

"Take every unworthy thought from my heart, God," I prayed, "and fill it to the very brim with love!"

God did, and it was wonderful. I had to help, of course. I dug and hacked away at malice and envy and greed. Little by little they faded into nothingness. I came out of the shadows into the sun.

My head was pleased. "Take your home next," it said. "Make life sweeter now for the ones you live with every day."

"Don't let them laugh, God," I prayed.

I started next morning. L day, I called it. I got up early. To my husband, still drowsing, I said, "Honey, let me bring you some coffee in bed!"

He was puzzled, but pleased. (Heretofore, I had lain in bed and begged him to bring me coffee.) I got him coffee, then gave him a good-morning kiss. That's something else we'd neglected.

"I love you," I said. I'd never done that before so baldly. Then I cried gaily, "What would your majesty like for breakfast?" I saw pleasure in his eyes. I'd made him feel important.

In a better world, everybody must be made to feel important.

Awakening our son, I called him "darling."

He came out tucking his shirt in his blue jeans and grinning. "Did you call me 'darling,' Mom?"

"Yes, I did, Son." I gave him a hearty kiss. "I love you,

honey. Mothers who love their little boys call them 'darling.' I'm going to call you 'darling' a lot from now on. And every day I'm going to tell you I love you."

He laughed and blushed, but he liked it, too.

We hadn't been a demonstrative family. That's where we had been wrong. Affection must be freely shown. There should be nothing embarrassing about letting people know we love them. We wouldn't have trouble-makers, I'm convinced, if people loved one another more, and showed it.

What's wrong with us? Why are we so stupid? Why haven't we vast quantities of love? That one little thing—and our quest for a better world would end.

We punish juvenile delinquents, when all they need is love. Bad children are cheated children. They grew up without love. Starving for it, they go berserk. They steal and kill and destroy, getting revenge.

My family has a regular ritual now. Each day my husband tells me he loves me. I tell him I love him, too. And both of us tell our son we love him.

CORNY? Not a bit. Delightful! We live different lives since we began it. Our home is a better world.

I thought up a scheme to make them happy. It consists mostly of laughing at things, so our house is a jolly place. I surprise them with novel ideas. I praise them a lot and sacrifice myself to please them.

"Let me do it!" I cry, where I used to be lazy. "It won't take a minute! I'd enjoy doing it!"

In my muddling way, I'm trying to be like Jesus. He went about, you recall, doing good deeds. He was—and he told us to be, too—the servant of all.

"Splendid!" my head said, noting our happy home. "Now branch out."

Next door lived a little lady of 84, all alone. I'd been nice to her in a skittish way for years. Skittish, because I dreaded being regaled with ailments. "I'm so rushed," I'd gasp when she caught me. "I can hardly stop for a moment to talk!"

When I found I must make the world better, I changed.

I went next door and took some cake. The little old lady was sick. She was happy I'd thought of her. She said bashfully, "Do you mind if I give you a teeny-weeny kiss?" I said, "I'd love it."

She brushed my cheek with lips as soft as the petal of a rose. I gave her frail body a squeeze. I was glad it happened. A week later she slipped away to heaven with a little smile.

God giving me a nudge? I think so. God will give you nudges, too. All you have to do is obey them.

In my block are big, old houses. Many of them have been remodeled into apartments. In those apartments live lonely old ladies. I'd give a tea, I decided, and invite them all. Nobody gives parties for old ladies much.

I went to each house, making friends and issuing invitations. One lady had fallen and sprained her ankle. "But I'll be well," she exclaimed happily, "by next Wednesday!"

She was. They all came to tea and we had a lovely time.

The world is full of lonely old ladies, and old men, too. It's full of lonely middle-aged folks, too, and lonely children. They need to be noticed and made feel important. When you do something about lon folks in your town, you make it a better world.

Better-worlding is my business now. I went to meeting. Women had gathered to study mental a emotional health. I asked them, when given an opp tunity to speak, "What are you doing to make thi better world?" They looked at one another in sile

"I guess nothing," they murmured. Then they brig ened. "Perhaps improving our own personalities w make the world better!"

"It certainly will," I told them, "if you use your go personalities to improve the world."

Well-adjusted people are working all the time to ma the world better. It is unkind, unhappy, and bit people who make it worse. They are our real enem

One sweet little lady whose face glowed said shy "I put cookies out for the garbage man."

Everybody laughed. I laughed, too, but I was touch "How do you do it?" I asked, intrigued.

"I put them in a box, on top of the can," she sa "The first time I put them out, I tacked on a little n saying, 'These are for you, with thanks.' "

We all agreed she is making her little world bet

Another woman took courage then and said, "Sor times I call people on the telephone and tell them like them.

"People don't always know that," she said, blushi a little. "I'd be very happy, sometimes, if someb called me up and told me."

"The Golden Rule," I murmured, thinking tha would, too.

My greatest thrill came when Ruth called, all ag Ruth is a self-sufficient divorcée. She had hooted at very idea of better-worlding.

"You'll howl," she cried exultantly, over the pho "Honestly, it's a scream. Here I am, big as life, runni a nursery school!"

I WAS amazed. Ruth has never done anything usef "You mean you've got a job?"

"Young mothers—servicemen's wives," Ruth bubbl "in our court. The community laundry. They do th washing there. Babies stumble around under their f I asked one of them if she'd like me to watch youngster while she washed. She fell on my neck. A now, honey, I've got dozens! I run a regular nurs school—tell 'em stories, kiss their wounds. It's the f baby-tending I ever did in my life—and I love it!"

"Of course you do," I said happily, blinking. Th was a new note in Ruth's voice. For the first time in life, she had put somebody else before herself. She learned what it means to serve.

Again I thought of the Golden Rule. . . .

We better-worlders must observe the Golden Rule all times. We must keep our hearts filled with lo our heads actively engaged in thinking up ways to h others, and our hands busy performing many go deeds.

Wouldn't you like to join us and be a better-world too?

Teens Together

By RICHMOND BARBOUR

Charles M. Schulz, © 1958, Gospel Trumpet Co.

"What do you mean,
I don't look feminine?
I have a ribbon in my hair, haven't I?"

I am a freshman in college and swamped with my studies. I believe you said that thousands of college students had jobs and paid their own way. I don't see how it is possible. Are you sure you were right?—T.E.

A I was right. However, there are differences between schools. Some technical colleges keep students so busy that outside jobs are almost impossible. Other colleges don't. Usually it is best for students to spend full time on their studies. But many can't afford to do that.

I'm 18. I was married at 16 and now have twin baby boys. My husband has a pretty good salary for a boy his age, but it isn't big enough to buy the things I want. Would you advise me to leave the babies with my mother and get a job?—D.V.

A No. Your babies need your constant, loving care. Probably even your own mother couldn't be an adequate substitute for you. Many mothers of young babies work, but as I see it, what they buy with their money isn't half as precious as the things their babies lose by their absence.

I lived with relatives the last two years. They treated me like an adult. I'm 18. Now I'm home and in trouble with my mother. She treats me like a baby. I want to go back to my relatives, where I had some freedom. Mama won't let me. What can I do?—R.Y.

A Can your father help your mother see you are growing up? Or is there a teacher who could? Your mother didn't have the chance to watch you mature while you were away. Give her time. Prove to her that you deserve freedom by being a responsible young lady.

I am 13. I went out with a boy several times. Then a girl took him from me. She now says I did bad things with him. She's lying. I used to be popular. Now my friends say I have a bad reputation. This is not my fault. What should I do?—S.N.

A The best way to meet malicious gossip is to ignore it. Prove it is false by your conduct. Try not to show that you feel hurt.

I am 17. My girl lives with her aunt, a very strict woman. She is afraid to tell her about our dating. She thinks we'd have to break up. I don't like deceit. All the other girls of 17 in our town have dates openly. Is dating wrong? Can people be too severe in their restrictions? What should we do?—D.L.

A Could your girl persuade her aunt to talk with the parents of other 17-year-old girls? Perhaps they could convince her that dating is proper. If that fails, try to have her talk with your church youth leaders and your minister. Severe restrictions on girls of 16 and 17 drive some to rebellion.

I'm a boy of 14, but I am not quite five feet tall. That makes me a shrimp. Everyone thinks I am 9 or 10. It bothers me most at parties. What can I do to grow faster?—O.T.

A Have you had a complete physical exam recently? Certain glandular conditions can retard growth. However, the chances are you'll find nothing wrong. Probably you will just have to wait. Was your father slow in growing? Or your mother? It usually runs in families. Ask your folks about it. With their understanding and support you'll feel better.

I am 14. I went steady with a boy for over a year. Then he left me. He said he didn't know whether he loved me or whether he it was just sex attraction. His doubts came because we had been doing some heavy necking. We both are Christians. He is ashamed of what happened and so am I. I really love him. Will he come back?—B.B.

A One of the bad things about going steady is that it often leads to heavy necking and complications. I'm sorry for your experience, but at your age breakups are inevitable. In a way they are good. They lead young people to get acquainted with others. Don't brood. Accept dates with other nice boys. Avoid heavy necking. Try not to go steady for another year or so.

When I was three my father deserted us. Mother divorced him. Soon afterwards she remarried. I love my stepfather, but I want to see my real daddy. My mother objects. She

Looks at movies

By Harry C. Spencer
General Secretary, Methodist Television, Radio, and Film Commission

Films are rated for audience suitability. Also, the symbols (+) and (—) provide "yes" or "no" answers to the question: Do the ethical standards in the film in general provide constructive entertainment?

Al Capone: (Adult (+)

Here Al Capone (Rod Steiger) is seen as the inevitable result of Chicago's corrupt government, the selfishness of business interests, and the indifference of ordinary citizens. He builds up his organization, first with the profits of beer and whisky, then with protection collections from merchants who insure themselves against Capone's own gangsters. This picture packs emotional impact and documentary realism.

Rio Bravo: Adult (+)

When a killing occurs in a Texas saloon, Sheriff John Wayne jails the murderer, brother of the area's biggest rancher. This spells trouble for Wayne and his deputy, Walter Brennan. Dean Martin is an alcoholic who tries to reform, and Ricky Nelson a baby-faced gunman. Better than average characterization; more than average brutality.

Some Like It Hot: Adult (—)

The old formula for laughs—to have men disguised as women—is used here in one of the year's funniest pictures. It goes far toward the vulgar, however. Tony Curtis and Jack Lemmon, penniless musicians, witness a Chicago gun battle and, dressed as girls, flee for their lives. They join an all-girl band (Marilyn Monroe, vocalist), are entranced by the beauty surrounding them, but cannot take advantage of their opportunities without betraying themselves to George Raft and his company of hired gunmen. Joe E. Brown plays an old sugar daddy who falls for one of the "girls."

Gidget: Adult, Youth (+)

Sandra Dee, the "gidget," is about to leave the tomboy stage and embark on woman's serious vocation of trapping a man. The happy hunting ground is a beach near Los Angeles where a "beach bum" (Cliff Robertson) reigns as king—and is too cynical to fall in love. James Darren, son of a wealthy businessman, is breaking with tradition and wants to roam the seas. These young people are not delinquents—but the concern Sandra's parents feel for her welfare is entirely as it should be.

Green Mansions: Adult, Youth (+)

Perhaps because the fiction classic from which this story is taken has been approached with such reverence and accuracy, the film is disappointingly static. Audrey Hepburn is the little bird-girl of the Venezuelan jungles. Anthony Perkins is the refugee from civil war who discovers her and then tries to protect her from the savages who finally take her life. Lee J. Cobb is Audrey's foster grandfather who was in a raiding party that killed her mother. This is a lavish production.

The Diary of Anne Frank: Adult, Youth (+)

This is an inspiring film. It presents the story of a 13-year-old Jewish girl who, with her own and another family, hides in an attic in Holland during World War II to escape the Gestapo. During this time Anne grows into adolescence. Finally comes the knock on the door—and the Nazis take Anne away to her death. Here we see the petty annoyances when people are crowded together and the happy moments when little gifts are given, but most important, we receive a message of inspiration as Anne makes her final diary entry: "In spite of everything, I still believe that people are really good at heart."

Westbound: Adult, Youth (+)

A typical Randolph Scott Western, with all the ingredients of success in the so-called action situations. Scott is a Union cavalry officer in charge of a stagecoach line transporting gold from California to the treasury in Washington, D.C. Andrew Duggan, married to Virginia Mayo (Scott's former sweetheart) tries to intercept the gold.

says he is a drunkard and in pris
Would it be proper for me to get
touch with him secretly? What ha
would come from my seeing him
a few minutes?—L.J.

A I understand your feelings a
I am sure your mother und
stands, too. However, she knew yo
father better than you did. Proba
she is afraid it would be too grea
shock to you to see him as he rea
is. Be guided by her judgment.

Q *I am a girl of 18. There is a b*
I used to know a little. He is
and in the Army in Germany. Just
fun I sent him a Christmas card.
have been writing ever since. We ha
fallen in love. He wants to marry
three days after he comes home. I thi
this wouldn't be wise. Do you agre
—L.J.

A Yes. Romantic but unreal lo
blossoms freely in letters. Th
were many such marriages during
war. A shocking percentage ended
divorce. Don't set any wedding d
until you have had months togeth
and know each other as you really a

Q *I'm a freshman in high scho*
Why do I get shaky when I ha
to give a report in class? My kn
tremble, my heart pounds, and
voice quavers. My friends are n
about it, but I suffer. Will I ever
better?—D.C.

A Almost all of us feel that w
the first few times we give
ports. It is a complicated fear reactio
A few of us never get over bei
afraid, but most of us do. Ask yo
public-speaking teacher about enrolli
in his class next semester.

Q *I am 16 and got married o*
month ago, with my paren
consent. My marriage caused me to
kicked out of school. I want to go
school until I graduate. The princi
says he'll expel me if I come back.
marriage a sin? Is it illegal or son
thing?—D.A.

A Many high schools have
same rule. It's based on the fe
that married girls will talk about in
mate matters and cause trouble. So
married girls have gone to court abo
the rule. Usually the judges ha
forced the schools to readmit them. T

ondition of their return has been that
ney do and say nothing to cause
rouble. I think marriage at 16 is un-
vise. But marriage is not illegal and
s not a sin.

I am 14. My trouble is that I'm fat. I can't make myself stop aiding the refrigerator. It isn't that I m hungry. I just like the taste of ood. Can you help me?—E.K.

Have you had a physical? Check to see there is nothing organical-y wrong. Ask your doctor for a mod-rate reducing diet. I've a friend of your ge who had the same problem. He ot a big picture of himself which howed clearly how fat he was. He astened it to the refrigerator door. He aid it helped him stop the raids. You night try it.

I am 15. I'm taking music les-sons from a man in his 20s. I sed to have a crush on him. Then he ried to get fresh. He tried again esterday and I was scared. Should I ell my parents? Would they under-tand?—S.F.

If you are careful in the way you tell them, they'll understand. Make it clear you've done nothing to ead him on. And change music eachers.

I feel lost. My mother and father did something foolish and were rrested. It was reported in the aper so all the kids know. I have lost ny confidence in my parents. I'm 14. Is here any way to regain the trust in hem I once felt?—H.D.

You are having to cope abruptly with a problem which comes ater in life to most of us. Eventually ve have to face the fact that our par-nts are human and have weaknesses. They can make mistakes. Your childish rust may never return. Instead, you'll levelop self-reliance. Remember, your parents love you, and you love them. They need your support. Don't worry about your friends. Most of them will understand.

A PROBLEM TO SOLVE? *Ask Dr. Barbour to help you. His logic, his understand-ing of teens, and his years of experience are bound to benefit you. Write him c/o* TOGETHER, *740 N. Rush St., Chicago 11, Ill.*

Little Lessons in Spiritual Efficiency

How to Fail As a Soul

By ROY L. SMITH

A POPULAR, well-paid business consultant lectured often to sales groups, managerial conferences, and business conventions on *How to Fail.*

"It is just as important to know how to fail as it is to know how to succeed," he said. "Millions of men have failed to make a success of their lives because they never learned to recognize the danger signs."

This is equally true in spiritual affairs. Some of the same bad habits which insure economic failure also insure spiritual failure.

A grain broker once remarked that he was the largest handler of barley in the U.S. He then said his profit averaged 1/60th of a cent per bushel.

"At that rate," he said, "I can stay in business indefinitely. If the day ever comes, however, that I begin to lose one 1/100th or even 1/10,000th of a cent per bushel, my end is in sight. No sum is too small to be overlooked if it is on the debit side of the ledger."

There is a dangerous fallacy in the assumption that any sin is "such a little thing." If the principle that no debit is too small holds true in economics, it also holds true in spirituality. To ignore it invites disaster.

One of America's paper manufacturers solved an annoying problem which troubled the entire industry, whereupon he invited all manufacturers to visit his plant and inspect the new process.

"What's the big idea?" one of his friends inquired. "If you give your secret to competitors they will manufacture paper better and cheaper. They are certain to benefit at your expense."

"Maybe so," the industrialist replied, "but there is enough business for all of us if we make paper good enough. Poor paper is my worst competition. If I can help some other man make better paper, all of us will sell more and make more."

It was an economic application of Jesus' principle of becoming great by serving well and most. The man who takes a small view of life makes himself small. The petty person is a failure as a person.

One of the surest ways to fail is to try to make life out of material things alone. Jesus said it was impossible to do. Yet people go on trying.

"I do not understand it," moaned a father whose head was bowed in shame because of the behavior of his teen-agers. "We have given them everything!"

And that was the trouble. They had given the youngsters cars, vacations, foreign trips, abundant wardrobes, and spending money—everything except guidance. They had told them, in effect, to "keep out of the way; we are busy."

"Broad is the way that leadeth to destruction, and many there be which go in thereat."

Light Unto My Path

WEEKLY MEDITATIONS BY MINISTERS ON INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

JULY 5

"You shall therefore love the Lord your God, and keep his charge, his statutes, his ordinances, and his commandments always."—Deuteronomy 11:1

IF LOVE of God is life's greatest gift, then to be deprived of love is life's greatest loss. This was the punishment of Cain. After he had killed Abel he returned to God, knowing that he had betrayed and broken the family relationship. He expected punishment. But God, in effect, told Cain that he would not punish him physically; his punishment would be banishment and the loss of love from his life. The mark on Cain's forehead separated him from his fellow men. No wonder Cain cried out, "My punishment is greater than I can bear." Yet how lightly we sometimes take the high privilege of loving God, belonging to a family relationship, to the fellowship of Christ, and the life of the Church.

When we love God, we love him not in the abstract but as the spirit of all life. In glad, growing, summer days, we love him in the holy hush as the Creator. We love him in the great dreams and ideals which have flamed in the minds and hearts of the saints, the seers, and the sages. We love him in the dreams of our country and the challenge of this hour. And many of us love him most in the quietness of the sanctuary and the joy of worship as here, in the spirit of Christ, we experience life's cleansing power.

If only we loved God, then we should know the answer to hate, for it is hate of brother for brother that makes this such a perilous hour! As Albert Schweitzer told Adlai Stevenson, "This is history's most crisic moment. Before this, nature controlled man; but now, man has learned how to control nature before he has learned to control himself."

Love of God is the only answer.

If we solved the problem of hate through love, we would solve all the tragedies of war, of the "isms" which plague humankind! Love of God would also solve the problems of human relationships, for we do not love God except as we love God's Spirit of life in such relationships, in beauty, in truth, in goodness, and in all Christlike dreams. No wonder our Lord placed as the greatest commandment: "You shall love the Lord your God with all your heart, and with all your soul, and with all your mind . . . and . . . you shall love your neighbor as yourself." There never has been and there never will be any other answer to the heart hungers of humankind. Come, let us love the Lord, our God!

Prayer: Father, keep us from the sin of believing we can truly love thee without expressing love for thee in thought, word, and action in all of our relationships. Amen.

—FRANK A. COURT

JULY 12

"It is the Lord who goes before you; he will be with you, he will not fail you or forsake you; do not fear or be dismayed."—Deuteronomy 31:8

BLUEBIRDISM is not a satisfying philosophy for these days. When we whine, "My soul needs a bandage!" we know we are only patching up the surface. What we need is a depth cure.

Relaxation in a world such as this comes from either stupidity, which prevents our being aware of the issues, or from an inner peace arising from an experience of faith that has met the issues head-on and is still confident.

The head-on facts of faith Moses had discovered in the burni bush, in the crossing of the R Sea, in the manna, and the wilde ness. These facts he knew; t faith he had tested. Standing Mount Nebo, gazing out acr his own grave into the dist Promised Land, he handed t torch to Joshua and reassur him: "It is the Lord who g before you; he will be with y he will not fail you or forsa you." Moses had learned that fa is the most important single f tor in survival.

"It is the Lord who goes bef you. . . ." John Wesley uncover a spiritual axiom in proclaimi that the fact that God wills declares that you can.

Caught in the grinding whe of life, tossed by its ebb and flo a desperate person—wild, agon ing, terrified, despairing—c literally throw himself upon G and discover an amazing answe a new and solid floor to life.

Moses knew! Christ in t garden knew! The Pilgrims storm-tossed vessels, Asbury the Indian trail, Wesley dyi knew! they all knew: "The best all is, God is with us!"

We know; something down de knows! "Will be with you, w not fail you." We and our artifici moons, missiles, cobalt bombs! W know! We and our crises, ne roses, psychoses; we and our te sions and frustrations! We kno "God's in his heaven"—but mo God's in his world! In our anguis in our fears, God's in his world- in it up to a cross! God's angui in my anguish! God's life in n life! "Do not fear or be dismaye

We stumble into faith: "T Lord is my shepherd." That's I want.

Prayer: Lord, I dare not take step without thee; I could not I dared. Amen.

—ROBERT G. TUTT

JULY 19

"He executes justice for the fatherless and the widow, and loves the sojourner, giving him food and clothing. Love the sojourner therefore; for you were sojourners in the land of Egypt."—Deuteronomy 10:18-19

RECENTLY I talked with a 17-year-old Russian girl in Moscow. She said she was a language student. I said, "Well, I know a few words of Russian but very few. For instance, I know *spaseebo* means 'thank you.'"

She said, "Yes, it means 'thank you,' but not like you say in America. In America you say 'thank you' perhaps a million times in your life. You say it for the slightest thing, even when you do not really mean it. When a Russian says *spaseebo* it means an appreciation indeed, because the true meaning of the word *spaseebo* is 'God save you.' Consequently, when a Russian is in deep appreciation to another he will say to him the nicest thing he can: 'God save you.'"

This seems a striking paradox. The Russian wishing to express heartfelt appreciation says, "God save you." I agree with him. But how ironical to find such a statement in the language of a people whose government is officially dedicated to atheism!

Communism purports to provide for every need. It purports to give justice to all, to welcome all races and all creeds. It purports to make of all of us a brotherhood as comrades one with another, and yet life behind the Iron Curtain is probably as far from this as can be achieved.

Here is an example of inability to recognize the Lord our God, to realize that we cannot take justice into our own hands. That it is he who executes justice. That we cannot take love into our own hands, that we must love because he first loved us. That we cannot take into our own hands the love of the foreigner and the sojourner. That only when we love all people as sons of God in the brotherhood of man can we find the fellowship which was intended.

The Russians have the answer in their word for thank you. If they could speak their word of gratitude in its true meaning they would be speaking the very heart of truth itself. *Spaseebo*—God save you.

Prayer: Almighty God, we are grateful that in thy love and in thy justice we truly learn to love and to be righteous. May thy love and thy justice in our lives be a warm and convincing witness that draws others to thee. Amen.

—WALTER K. KERR

JULY 26

"And who knows whether you have not come to the kingdom for such a time as this?" —Esther 4:14

THE LST SLID UP to the beach and, with a groaning of cables and winches, lowered the landing ramp. From the craft strode a man in khaki, his shirt open at the throat. It was the return to the Philippines of Gen. Douglas MacArthur, who months before had to flee to Australia, but with this promise: "I shall return."

History, sacred and secular, records story after story of individuals who seemed to be born for "such a time as this." What were such times? Every age experiences situations that seem hopeless, but every age raises up someone to meet and solve the problems.

Remember again a Moses, born to deliver a nation; a David, felling giants; a Martin Luther, who brought about the Reformation, and a Churchill, leading his people through the dark days of incessant bombings. The poet, J. G. Holland, caught the longing of all ages when he penned these words:

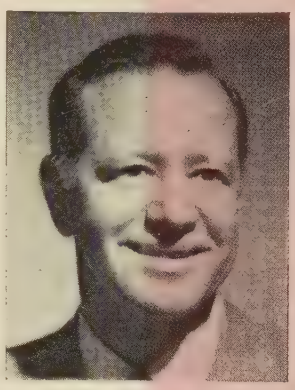
God give us men. A time like this demands
Strong minds, great hearts, true faith, and ready hands.

History has sometimes been described as a chain of events. Surely and steadily the links are being forged by those leaders who are set apart for their generation.

Here in our Scripture, God's hand had been moving in the course of events to raise Esther to a position of power as the wife of the king. Now her time of testing was at hand, and the crisis that would affect the entire Jewish nation was pressing. The incentive needed was the spoken words of Mordecai, "And who knows whether you have not come to the kingdom for such a time as this?" So Esther stood before the king. The nation and her people were saved, and another link was welded in the chain of human history.

Frank A. Court
Lincoln, Nebr.

Robert G. Tuttle
Asheville, N.C.



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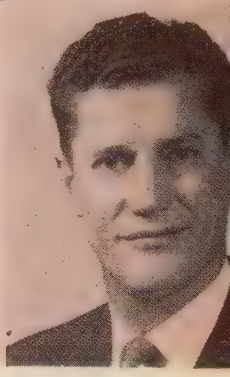


Paul E. Caskey
Whitehall, Mont.

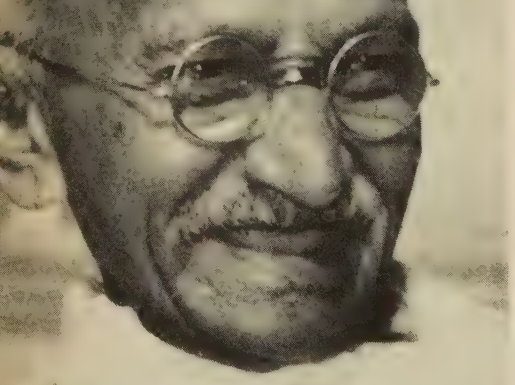
"For such a time as this" means our time today, and we have the opportunity to meet the present challenge. The misty shadows of the future are waiting to record the problems of the present, which will be solved by someone "come to the kingdom for such a time as this." Will you respond?

Prayer: Our Father, we remember thy mercies which have shone forth thy love in the past, and in that love make us, on the holy ground of each present day, steadfast and sure. Give to us courage to act as we hear the call to serve the present age. Amen.

—PAUL E. CASKEY

BARNABAS

Looks at New Books



A smiling Gandhi is seen in this unusual photo taken in 1947—the year before he was slain.

IT IS IRONIC that the man who has, perhaps, walked more closely in Christ's path than almost any other was not a Christian. That man, of course, was Mahatma Gandhi, a Hindu who violated many of the taboos of his own religion but, when urged to become a Christian, refused. He explained his major reason in a letter to a Christian who sought to convert him:

"God is not encased in a safe," he asserted, "to be approached only through a little hole in it, but He is open to be approached through billions of openings by those who are humble and pure of heart."

Nevertheless, the Sermon on the Mount did more, probably, to give guidance to Gandhi's life than any other spiritual lesson. And throughout his trouble-filled years he preached love, tolerance, abstention from force—many of the key teachings of Christ. Such was the paradox of the Mahatma.

B. R. Nanda, an Indian who can view his subject through the eyes of his countrymen, has pulled all the diverse threads of Gandhi's life into a clearly patterned biography, MAHATMA GANDHI (Beacon, $6.50). It is the story of a meek but forceful man who achieved something most humans envy but few ever equal: He lived his life wholly in accord with his religious principles.

In complete contrast to the character of Gandhi is that of JIM FISK, whose fascinating biography has just been penned by **W. A. Swanberg.** It has the appropriate subtitle, THE CAREER OF AN IMPROBABLE RASCAL (Scribners, $4.50).

The diamond-bedecked, flamboyant gambler, who flouted his mistress as openly as he rigged the stock market, apparently was admired in a perverse way by the man in the street—because, unlike most of the fortune builders of his day, he was no hypocrite. What he did, he did to the blare of trumpets and the roll of drums; he was a quick-witted shyster, but he was honest by his own lights.

This lively book does bring out one sobering thought: Several of the top stock-market manipulators, including some of those who were involved in the disastrous "Black Friday" of 1869, were Methodist laymen!

I've been finding some cooling breezes—vicariously—these warm days in THE CROSSING OF ANTARCTICA by **Sir Vivian Fuchs** and **Sir Edmund Hillary** (Little, Brown, $7.50) and ANTARCTIC ASSAULT by U.S. Navy Commander **Paul W. Frazier** (Dodd, Mead, $4).

Fuchs and Hillary tell of the British Commonwealth Trans-Antarctic Expedition, a three-year scientific enterprise climaxed by a perilous trip by land across the surface of the frozen continent. ANTARCTIC ASSAULT is the saga of the U. S. Navy officers and men who built bases on Antarctica for the International Geophysical Year. For obvious reasons, the major part of this assault was known as Operation Deep Freeze. Both books are illustrated with photos guaranteed to cool you off.

For young people, Frazier's boss, Rear Admiral **George J. Dufek,** commander of Operation Deep Freeze, h written THROUGH THE FROZEN FRO TIER (Harcourt, Brace, $3.25). A hig school classmate of our daugh Bonnie told me he enjoyed it ev though he read it as background fo term paper.

The foreword to 20 CENTURIES CHRISTIANITY (Harcourt, Brace, $ recalls a *New Yorker* cartoon in whi a determined matron insists to a ha assed book salesman that she wan "an unbiased history of the Civil W from a Southern point of view." CENTURIES OF CHRISTIANITY, the fo word admits, is Christian history fro a Protestant point of view.

Few writers could have told th magnificent story more vividly, or better perspective, than **Paul Hutc inson** and **Winfred E. Garrison.** H Hutchinson—a Methodist—had co pleted the first eight chapters befo he died in 1956. Dr. Garrison w asked by the Hutchinson family complete the book, and the final chapters are his. This was an u planned, but natural, collaboration. T two men worked together for ma years, Dr. Hutchinson as editor a Dr. Garrison as literary editor a contributing editor to *The Christi Century.*

History is fickle. Surely, everyo who reads these lines has heard of t misnamed "Custer massacre" of 18 with its toll of some 250. But three four times that number of settlers w killed by Indians in Minnesota in 18 —midway in the Civil War. T GREAT SIOUX UPRISING by **C. Oehler** (Oxford, $5) tells the story crimson-streaked strokes. It's go Americana but, having read a bit the field, I rise to suggest the author h underplayed the moderating, oft heroic, role of the Christianized dians. Protestant missions had be surprisingly effective in civilizing ma Sioux.

As almost any youngster—and ma an oldster—can tell you, there's popular series making the TV roun just now under the title, THE GR GHOST. And, if you don't already kno its hero is **John Singleton Mosb**

he Confederate cavalry chieftain who so harassed the country around Washington, D.C., that four Virginia counties came to be known as "Mosby's Confederacy." Once he came within a hairbreadth of capturing a train on which rode General Grant. This poses one of the great unanswered questions: What would have happened if Mosby had succeeded?

All his dashing adventures, and much of the dirt and grime of war as well, are collected together now in THE MEMOIRS OF COLONEL JOHN S. MOSBY (Indiana University Press, $5). For Civil War fans, a must; for others, a few interesting hours.

For a different type of Civil War reading, you may want to try **Philip Van Doren Stern's** new SECRET MISSIONS OF THE CIVIL WAR (Rand McNally, $5). Some of these feats of derring-do by undercover agents have been told before; most have not. This book deals with one aspect of the period not done to death by other writers. It is, therefore, worth your consideration—if Americana is your cup of tea.

While we're on the late unpleasantness between the states, let's remember that it was on Palm Sunday that the Confederacy came to an end. True, scattered fighting continued and a sea raider or two fought on, their crews unaware that their flag now was only the symbol of a lost cause. But on April 9, 1865, when Gen. Robert E. Lee surrendered to Lieut.-Gen. Ulysses S. Grant, it was over.

No matter how often the tale is told, its poignant mixture of heartbreak and triumph remains unalloyed. We can weep for the broken hearts of the men in gray, for the bravery that accomplished nothing, for the privations that brought only emptiness. And we can cheer for the men in blue, whose equal bravery, self-sacrifice, and patriotism bought in blood the unity of a nation.

Now **Burke Davis** has told the story anew. His book, To APPOMATTOX, NINE APRIL DAYS, 1865 (Rinehart, $6), does the job well. Its technique is simple: From the diaries of those on the scene—a nurse, a boy courier, the high commands, and others—we are taken on an hour-by-hour journey through those last dramatic days. We start with the evacuation of Richmond, end with Lee's surrender.

No matter where your sympathies lie—and even if this is your first dabbling in Civil War lore—this book should grasp your heartstrings.

When Texas-born Van Cliburn called his parents from Moscow to tell them he'd won first prize at the International Tchaikovsky Competition, the call reached them just as they were leaving for church. That, undoubtedly, was no surprise to the young

All Around the House

. . . are problems and projects to baffle the homekeeper. These books can't make you an expert—but they should help you become a pretty adept amateur.

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The Family Legal Adviser by ***Theodore R. Kupferman*** (*Hawthorn, $4.95*)—reliable, up-to-date guide on just about every legal problem a family is likely to encounter.

Tropical Fish in Your Home by ***Herbert R. Axelrod*** and ***William Vorderwinkler*** (*Sterling, $2.95*)—well-illustrated handbook for the beginning aquariist, adult or child.

Kiplinger's Family Buying Guide by the staff of ***Changing Times*** (*Prentice-Hall, $4.95*)—how to live better on your income through wise buying, from groceries to real estate.

How to Housebreak and Train Your Dog by ***Arthur Liebers*** (*Sterling, $1*)—complete handbook of canine care, plus a basic course in obedience-training procedures.

Revive Your Rooms and Furniture by ***Ethel Bostrom*** and ***Louise Sloane*** (*Viking-Studio, $5.95*)—easy, inexpensive ways to transform dated-looking rooms and furniture.

The Complete Guide to Indoor Plants by ***Eigil Kiaer*** (*Crown, $3.50*)—full instructions on the care and feeding of indoor plants from all over the world.

Better Homes & Gardens Garden Ideas (*Meredith, $1.25*)—special articles and hundreds of tips on landscaping, with emphasis on today's trend toward outdoor living.

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pianist. Church has always been the center of his life, and when he went to live in New York he moved his membership from First Baptist, Kilgore, to Calvary Baptist. There he has served intermittently as an organist for the choir.

THE VAN CLIBURN LEGEND (Doubleday, $3.95) is **Abram Chasins** and **Villa Stiles**' story of this musical genius, who already had won the top U.S. awards before his Moscow victory, and whose international achievement, coupled with his simplicity and charm, turned him into one of our most effective good-will ambassadors.

As one long fascinated by those travel-magazine photos showing rugged sportsmen casting fishing lines into crashing waves, I was intrigued to see a book written by **Jerry Jansen,** one of that hearty fraternity. He calls it SUCCESSFUL SURF FISHING (Dutton, $3.75), and if his knowledge of tide, tackle, and technique is any indication, he must have a trophy room crammed with stuffed bass, bluefish, fluke, pollack, and other Atlantic Coast fish he considers fair and fighting game. I was especially taken by his section on beach buggies, those older vehicles modified as a surf fisherman's home away from home. With their deflated tires, they roll over the softest sand with ease.

What does it mean to be a Christian? Why do bad things happen to good people? What happens when somebody dies? If your youngster is asking questions like these, you may want to give him a book in which he can find the answers for himself. It's GOD, HELP ME UNDERSTAND by **Dorothy LaCroix Hill** (Abingdon, $2.50).

I'd also suggest you read Mrs. Hill's answers yourself. The story form in which she's written them is strictly for junior readers, but the wisdom behind them is for everybody.

When **Beatrice Russell,** her husband, Earle, and their baby daughter took off for Addis Ababa, Bea's head was filled with dashing dreams of adventure and romance. That was Earle's first assignment as a young American Foreign Service officer. Several years—and several Middle East and Washington assignments—later, her head is bloody but unbowed.

LIVING IN STATE (McKay, $3.95) is her frank and buoyant chronicle of the Russells' joys and trials in a service to which they are both dedicated. Her account should do much to refute the idea that our Foreign Service officers and their wives are a crew of cooky pushers. It's nice to meet the Russells.

The PLEASURES OF PUBLISHING, a friendly little leaflet that Columbia University Press sends to book reviewers and others, recently asked its re
ers to nominate the books they thou
"embody the wisdom, good hu
love, and conscience of the hu
race." It now has reported these 1
being most often listed:

1) The Holy Bible, 2) Works
Shakespeare, 3) Dialogues of P
4) Analects of Confucius, 5) Iliad
Odyssey of Homer, 6) Don Qui
(Cervantes), 7) Buddhist scriptu
8) Koran, 9) Canterbury Tales (C
cer), 10) Faust (Goethe), 11) Dra
of Aeschylus, and 12) Dramas
Sophocles.

Speaking of great books, related
terial is arranged in sequenc in
PEOPLE'S PLATO by **Henry L. Dr**
(Philosophical Library, $7.50). In
dition to this reorganization, Dr. D
has digested and clarified the lengt
and more obscure passages, thus m
ing the Platonic Dialogues more ea
understood.

Books of quotations ordinarily m
pretty dull reading. But Bishop **Ger**
Kennedy, whose *Browsing in Fic*
brightens the pages of TOGETHER
cently came up with an anthology
source material for ministers and pu
speakers that is also a delight to
one who likes a sprightly anecdote
thought succinctly expressed. It is
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Too much devotional writing s
fies the author's urge for self-exp
sion but fails to do much for
reader. Not so GOD IN MY LIFE
Bishop **Lloyd C. Wicke** (Abingd

Bishop Wicke: his topic, God's rea

$1). Although it is deeply pers
writing, it spoke directly to me,
when I put it down I felt that I
been sharing the thoughts of a
who knows "the beauty of holin
without a trace of artificial piety.

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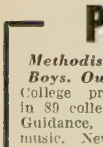

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Charles R. Smyth, D.D., Box 45, Pennington, N. J.

about *The Reader's Digest.* This most fabulous success story in all journalism pivots around a couple of Presbyterian PKs (Preacher's Kids), DeWitt Wallace and his wife, Lila Acheson Wallace. He got the idea for digesting magazine articles in a handy package while recuperating from World War I wounds—and they started it on a very, very short financial shoestring.

James Playsted Wood unrolls their story in OF LASTING INTEREST (Doubleday, $3.50). Now *The Digest* has many foreign editions, and the one distributed in the U.S. alone has a circulation in excess of 10 million, and an estimated 32 million people reading it!

The Digest, by the way, recently published THE READER'S DIGEST TREASURY OF WIT & HUMOR (Simon and Schuster, $5), which skims the cream of the jokes and anecdotes that have appeared in the magazine. This collection gave me many a chuckle as I came upon remembered stories or equally funny ones I hadn't seen before.

I saw a young lady in our office going out to lunch with a book tucked under her arm, and I asked her what it was. She was reading THE DRESS DOCTOR by **Edith Head** and **Jane Kesner Ardmore** (Little, Brown, $3.95). Miss Head, whose autobiography it is, dresses movie stars for their roles. Her star-studded recollections have been put into pleasantly readable form by Miss Ardmore, who is a professional writer.

My co-worker assured me that any woman interested in clothes—and what woman isn't?—should find this book rewarding reading. There's a section at the back that tells what clothes can do for a woman, and it concludes with a guide on what to wear for every occasion.

If you chuckled over *Write Me a Poem, Baby* [February, 1957, page 53], you'll be delighted to know that **H. Allen Smith** has done it again. His second collection of the writings of moppets is DON'T GET PERCONEL WITH A CHICKEN (Little, Brown, $2.95). This title immortalizes the essay of a second-grader who did get perconel with a chicken—in fact, she affectionately named it Gene Autry. And when her "gran father" killed Gene for dinner, she wrote mournfully, "it was like eating my own rellatives."

There is much more. Parents, teachers, friends, and citizens—nobody is spared from the frank comments of the innocents. Here's a sample: "Adults dont do anything. Adults just sit and talk and dont do a thing. Theres not anything duller in this world than adultry."

Modern literature frequently skirts around ancient but unrecognized sources of research and books, in q sequence, repeat the same old histor errors until the personalities of past become pale shadows of what t really were. Not so **Ivar Lissner's** T CAESARS (Putnam's, $5.95), a p trating study of the rulers of the Ro Empire, "a glittering and degene world wrapped in deceptive glamo

Lissner has drawn upon rumors well as the reports of ancient Ro historians to paint the picture of Caesars as, perhaps, they really w His information about Julius Caes "dark and lively eyes" and Nero's ability to pronounce a death sente without "sighing and shedding te are typical details that could come q from people who lived alongside th and their contemporaries.

As I leafed through THE FOSSIL B (Doubleday, $12.50), I couldn't h but dream a little about those a long ago when 30-ton dinosaurs w wallowing in swamps where Te now basks and rabbit-sized ances of horses and camels were watch volcanoes erupt in the central Rock These things, and many more, vividly described in this seventh b by the natural-science writing team **Carroll Lane Fenton** and **Mild Adams Fenton.** Theirs is the fo documented story of life on earth some 2 billion years.

Especially valuable to the establis fossil-collecting hobbyist, this profu illustrated volume also has helpful vice for beginners.

It isn't often that a bright r cartoonist makes the big-time gra **Jules Feiffer** hit the road to fame fortune last year with his offbeat *S Sick, Sick* (McGraw-Hill, $1.50), wh gave Barnabas many a guffaw back August. Now he's come out with second volume, PASSIONELLA AND O STORIES (McGraw-Hill, $1.75). A once again his incisive thrusts, air at some of the pretensions of our t quilizer civilization, hit with the s of a rapier.

Passionella is this 30-year-old toonist's 1959 version of Cinderell complete with her "friendly neigh hood godmother" who, fittin enough, contacts her subject through a TV screen. Then the Munro, drafted by error into the A at the tender age of four—but un to convince anyone the armed serv could have made a mistake. And t are a couple of other products of push-button age whose reflections caught in Feiffer's mirror of our t

If you can smile at some of foibles of these troubled years, thi for you. But if you feel there's noth wrong with the way things are, a PASSIONELLA as you would the b plague. —BARNA

Browsing in Fiction

Gerald Kennedy

BISHOP, LOS ANGELES AREA, THE METHODIST CHURCH

ONE OF the by-products of my recent missionary tour through Africa was an increased appreciation of the world-wide coverage of *Together*. I saw the magazine in the homes of missionaries far off the beaten track. One of the great surprises was when a native pastor of a small village in the southern Belgian Congo thanked me for my comments on modern American fiction. He said it was his only opportunity to hear anything about our novels. If it were not that some might think I was praising this feature, I would say that *Together* is doing a wonderful job, not only for the American church but for Methodists around the world.

THE CROWN AND THE CROSS, by Frank G. Slaughter *(World, $4.95)*.

The Bible has been the source book for any number of commentaries because we can never grow weary of trying to understand its insights and comprehending its truth. But it is a most difficult book to rewrite and for every partial success there are 100 failures. I say this because Dr. Slaughter's achievement is remarkable in that his story of Christ is certainly one of the better jobs. He brings in few characters not already known to readers of the New Testament and he follows the main events without trying any new or novel interpretations. He tells the story with reverence and good taste so that at the conclusion one is neither shocked nor surprised. I should think that *The Crown and The Cross* would be the best possible introduction to our greatest story. The author has put all English-speaking Christians much in his debt and makes us realize how great was the achievement of the Gospel writers.

CRICKET SMITH, by Monte Linkletter *(Harper, $3.95)*.

Cricket is a boy who is fond of girls. As he says, this is his chief difference from Huckleberry Finn. He is the nephew of a pastor and because his parents are dead he lives in the parsonage. It is one of the most satisfactory and humorous pictures of the parsonage and church in a small town that I have read. Here are teenagers with their wonderful honesty and their terrifying problems. In places it made me think of *The Catcher in the Rye* and I do not know how to give the book any higher compliment. The only trouble is that sex does raise its ugly head and it does seem to me that not every parsonage boy has to have quite so much difficulty with the other sex. However, parents could learn a great deal from this book, not the least of which is that young people tend to get into trouble when they are forbidden healthy and normal relationships. So, if you will keep your eye on this main lesson, you may enjoy the book as much as I did.

LADY L, by Romain Gary *(Simon & Schuster, $3.50)*.

Romain Gary is the French consul general in Los Angeles and I have seen him interviewed several times on TV. He is a cultured Frenchman whose attractive personality makes friends for France. Besides other gifts, he is a first-rate novelist as this book clearly indicates. He writes beautifully and has the happy faculty of dealing with the most unpleasant subject with lightness and grace. Lady L is an old lady of impeccable reputation whose family is a part of the solid British nobility quite beyond criticism. Yet, there is a reason for her lack of respect for institutions and stuffed shirts as well as for her wit and brilliance. Lady L, in a word, is a sham, as she reveals to her friend, the poet laureate of England. How she came from a French slum to the peerage is the plot of this book and I will not spoil it for you by going into detail. If you like what used to be referred to as a sophisticated drawing-room novel, with a good many surprises in it, here it is. The deft craftmanship of the writer is what intrigued me the most. I am glad that Los Angeles has a fine writer like Romain Gary within its boundaries.

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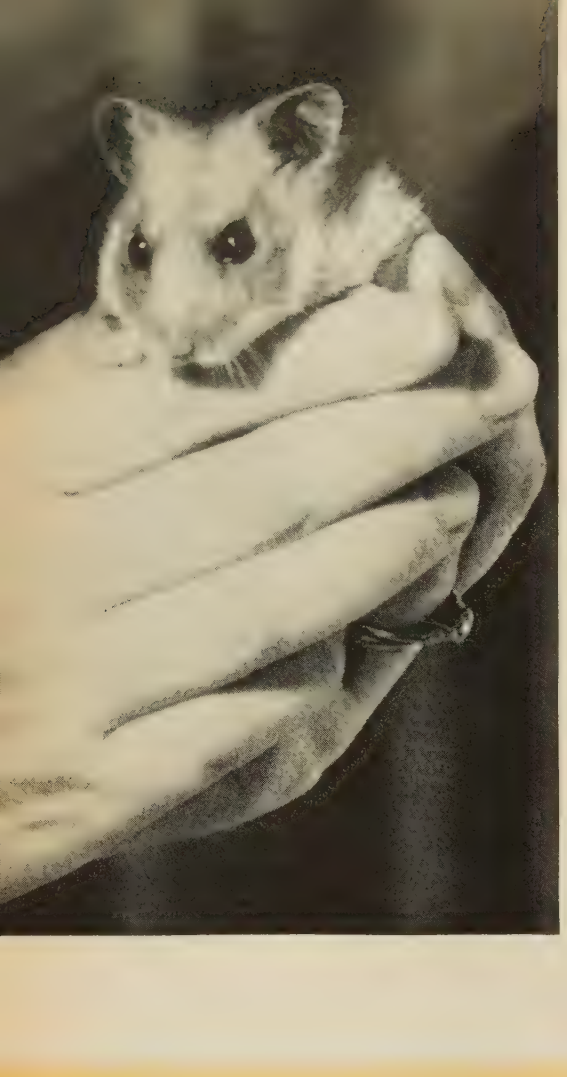


Here's live entertainment TV can't matc

Hamsters in the Home

THAT'S BROWNIE, a hamster, peeking out at left. A hamster makes an ideal pet—fun to watch play with, docile and affectionate, needing little sp or effort for proper care. Besides being neat, clean, odorless, Brownie rarely gets any illness worse than sniffles—and that only if she's left in a draft. W more could you ask?

Like other "golden" hamsters, Brownie is about inches long, with a stubby tail, babylike hands, bright, button eyes. But the most unusual thing ab these pets is the way they gobble up their food—le vegetables, fruit, seeds, grain, and occasional to scraps. Instead of chewing and swallowing right av they stuff their pouchlike cheeks and then deposit

HOBBY ALLEY: A true story by MARJORIE ANN CARPER

Neat Bargain — for Sale or Trade

"ARE YOU THINKING of a pet for your child?" queries a psychologist in a recent magazine, listing pros and cons to "contemplate."

Contemplate! Who has time?

You don't think about a pet. You just acquire one, sudden-like, in exchange for a genuine shark's tooth or a couple of agates; maybe even a worn-out catcher's mitt, if the animal is warm-blooded—a kitten, say, or a white rat.

While you're still in pajamas and robe one day, trying to make up your mind whether it is morning, your son Scoot comes slamming into the kitchen.

"Gee, Mom, lookit!" he shrieks, shoving an ice-cream carton at you.

Fortifying yourself with coffee, you peer into the carton. "What is it?"

"A hamster. An' all I had to give Dennis was my football helmet an' ol' boxin' gloves."

"What d'you suppose it eats?" you wonder, as Scoot rattles, "An' Dennis' Mom thinks she's pregnant—the hamster, I mean. So I can sell 'em when they're weaned. Think I'll start takin' a bunch of orders right now. .

He slams out the door, immediately slams back again. "Oh, Mom! Here's the book about hams Dennis gave me for free. An' Mom, can I borrow next week's allowance, huh? You know, for a cage food an' stuff. . . ."

The screen door bangs again, rattling the windo pane. Then all's quiet for a moment—until a scr ricochets from the back yard.

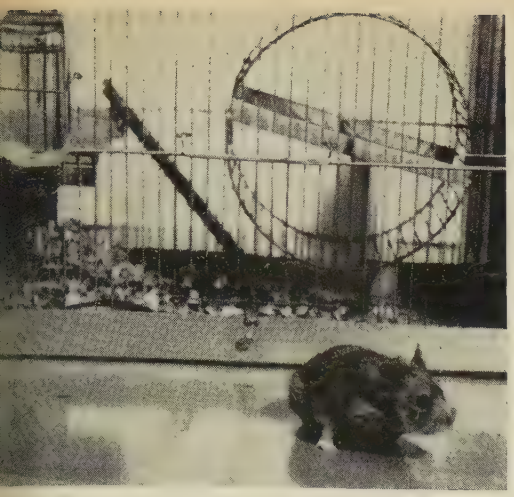
"Mom! Hey, Mom, c-mere! Hurry-e-e-e!" It's like wail of a jet in a power dive.

"She got out. Gnawed the carton. Quick, Mom! S goin' up Peterson's honeysuckle!"

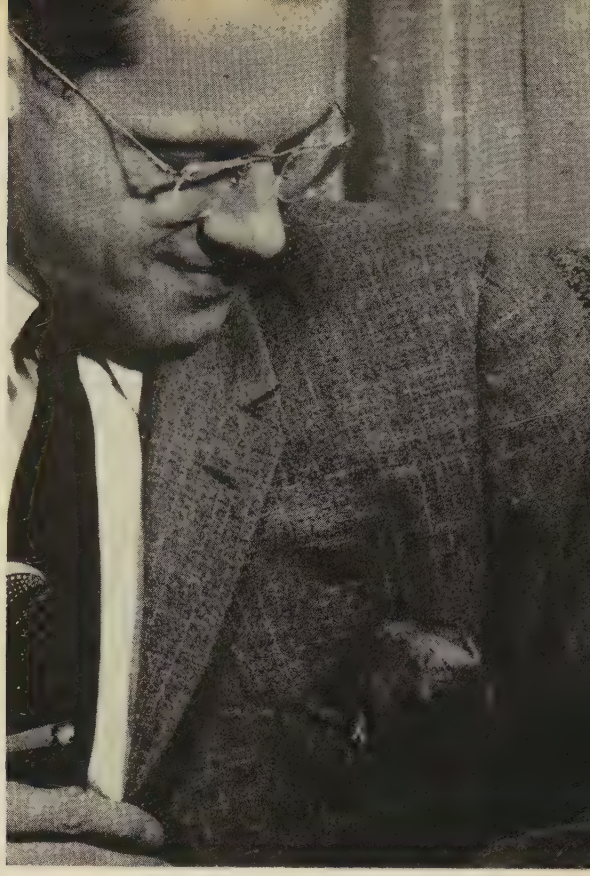
Half sobbing, Scoot struggles across the lawn, d ging a ladder, while half a dozen diminutive cowb and space men begin to cluster around the base of honeysuckle next door. One yells, "She's on the ro

The roof! Oh, her babies!

Suddenly you're running, kicking off floppy slipp Heedless of pajamas and flapping robe, you are half up the ladder when Al Peterson sticks his head out



A taste of freedom! Brownie can squeeze under her cage door if it's not tightly shut.



One of Brownie's biggest joys is snooping in a pocket. But she won't stay long!

food in a favorite corner of the cage for later snacks. Hamsters sleep most of the day, often in a pile of cedar chips. By evening, though, they're wide awake, eager to eat and play. That's because wild hamsters, brought to the U.S. from Syria in 1938, come out of underground burrows for food only at night. But Brownie's owners like her backward schedule; they're all home in the evening to watch her.

Summer's a good time to see hamsters at your pet store. But take a couple of dollars with you. Chances are, you won't be able to resist these little creatures.

open window. Al can't resist the sudden opportunity.

"Eloping?" he quips.

You dare not look down or try to speak. Cautiously, you force your bare toes to grip one rung, then the next. Finally reaching the roof, you begin to creep delicately across the shingles.

"Oh, it's you, Marj!" Al hollers. "Didn't know you in that getup." He shuts the window, comes out the front door, and starts up the ladder.

"Mabel's just getting up. Be out in a minute. Can we help, whatever it is you're doing?"

The hamster seems to have disappeared, maybe down the drainpipe or under the eaves. Suddenly you're close to tears.

"Oh, Al! We just can't chance a fall! You know how it is when you're pregnant."

Over the edge of the ladder, Al gives you an odd look.

"The hamster, Al, the hamster. She belongs to Scoot. At least, she did."

"Well!" he exclaims. "Why didn't you say so?" He backs down the ladder and, aided by Scoot and the junior space men, begins poking around in the shrubs. Meanwhile, with clammy hands and deep, prayerful breath, you begin to descend the shaky ladder.

"Oh, Mom," Scoot calls, "the brush man's here!"

"Hi," the salesman begins, cheerfully outmaneuvering the tangle of children. "Lose a kite or something? Hamster! Madam, you *did* say hamster? Ah, here's just what you need! Indispensable. Little Jiffy Cage Cleaner. Notice the long bristles and how the collapsible handle. . ."

You mutter something profound, just before everything inside snaps and you shriek, "We haven't even got a cage—*E-e-e-ek!*" The ladder orbits. And you are in the shrubs—pajamas, bathrobe, and all.

Suddenly, everyone is trying to help you get up—and trying to help you lie down. Mabel is handing you a hot drink and a cold washcloth. Al is wanting to phone the doctor. The brush man, on cue, is exiting.

All at once you realize that Scoot is beside you, the hamster cradled in his hands.

"For Pete's sake," he says. "Pipe down, will ya? You're all scarin' the poor little thing to death."

"You found her?"

"Yeah," he grins. "She came down the rose arbor. Ain't it neat the way she can climb?"

Somehow, you manage a smile. "Yes, Scoot, dear. *Real* neat."

So I ask, "Contemplating a pet for your child? How about a nice litter of hamsters? In exchange for a goldfish, maybe . . . or what have you?"

Name Your Hobby

Interested in swapping hobby notes? Just write any of these Methodi directly—or tell us your hobby and we'll list it in three or four month

BOOKS: Mrs. Raymond Gallaher, Decatur, Tenn. (garden-club yearbooks).

BUTTONS: Mrs. Georgia Parker, Montgomery, Vt.

CALENDARS: Mrs. Margery Baker, 259 N. West Ave., Kankakee, Ill. (wallet size).

CHESS BY MAIL: Wayne Roney, Jr., 1010 Burlington Ave., Billings, Mont.; Kenneth A. Roth, 10641 S. Hale, Chicago 43, Ill. (wants to set up a chess-by-mail tournament among *Together* readers by Aug. 1).

CHURCH BULLETINS: Mrs. Willis E. Green, 515 S. Jefferson St., Montpelier, Ind.; Charles E. Shaver, 972 Broadway, Watervliet, N.Y.; Linda Williams, R. 1, Box 5, Johnstown, Colo.; Mrs. C. Vance Hickerson, 2514 Nolensville Rd., Nashville 11, Tenn.

CHURCH NEWSPAPERS: Charles E. Shaver, 972 Broadway, Watervliet, N.Y.

EARRINGS: Mrs. Clifford Moore, 151 E. Cleveland Ave., Newark, Del.

FOSSILS: James P. McCollom, R. 2, Dodge City, Kans. (shark's teeth)

GENEALOGY: Mrs. Boyd O. Pyles, Piedmont, Mo. (Martin, Hodges, Castleberry, Taylor, Morris, Pyles, O'Dell, Guest); Richard K. Stearman, Mora, Mo. (Stearman, Kerr, Mardis, Lawson, Raffety); Doris K. Scott, 611 4th St., Friend, Nebr. (Kauffman, Tinkham, Soss, Fry); Rev. Donald Karl Dale, Box 403, Bath, N.Y. (Dale).

Margaret Jacobson, 1623 S. 2nd Ave., Sioux Falls, S. Dak. (Evans, Rogers, Coe, Strong); Geneva M. Reeves, 17707 SE River Rd., Portland 22, Oreg. (Tull, Reeves, Hodgdon, Zimmerman, Hess, Gray); Mrs. A. W. Francis, R. 2, Stewartville, Minn. (Lang, McClellan, Nobles, Francis, Greig, Dixon).

GUNS: David Van Ornum, 51 Sterling St., Gouverneur, N.Y. (antique, especially Civil War). Rev. E. T. DeSelms, The Methodist Church, Mosinee, Wis.; Rev Charles H. Hawn, Oakville, Iowa (especially pistols).

HANDKERCHIEFS: Mrs. Rose Etheridge, 901 Denson Ave., Madison, Tenn.; Mrs. S. Harold Jenkins, 4509 Woodhill Rd., Hopkins, Minn.

HORTICULTURE: Mrs. F. E. Stevens, 475 Henry St., Roselle Park, N.J. (African-violet leaves).

INSECTS: Donald Keesling, Chase, Kans. (especially beetles).

KEY CHAINS: Naomi Bennett, R. 1, Markleville, Ind.

MARINE LIFE: Elinor Cundiff, 405 S. 6th St., Goshen, Ind. (fish and frogs).

MINIATURES: Mrs. Mary Hunter, Lock Box 18, Beaver, Ohio (elephants); Mrs. Ethel Zabenko, 88 Madison Dr., College Park, Newark, Del. (elephants); Mrs. S. Harold Jenkins, 4509 Woodhill Rd., Hopkins, Minn. (cats).

NAPKINS: Mrs. William H. Rose, 120 Mt. Ida Ave., Lancaster, Ohio; Holly Joan Corson, 203 Evergreen Ave., Woodlynne 6, N.J. (paper).

PENCILS: Bob Thacker, 5804 Huntington, Lincoln 4, Nebr.

PETS: Charles O. Robert, 49 S. College St., Carlisle, Pa. (pigeons).

PICTURES: Jeanne and Carole Ivey, Box 374, Lexington, S.C. (of cats); Mrs. S. Harold Jenkins, 4509 Woodhill Rd., Hopkins, Minn. (of cats).

PITCHERS: Peggy Jean Corson, 203 Evergreen Ave., Woodlynne 6, N.J.

PLACE MATS: Holly Joan Corson, 203 Evergreen Ave., Woodlynne 6, N.J. (paper); Mrs. S. Harold Jenkins, 4509 Woodhill Rd., Hopkins, Minn. (paper, pictorial).

PLATES: Mrs. Melvin Weaver, 133 E. Delaware Ave., Newark, Del. (state); Mrs. Cadet York, 1310 G St., Cozad, Nebr.

POETRY: Mrs. William D. Ford, 2324 Rochester Rd., Pittsburgh 37, Pa.; Mary V. White, R. 3, Box 162, Henderson, N.C.; Mrs. Orrin Albin, R. 2, Box 42, Tuscola, Ill.

POST CARDS: Mrs. William H. Rose, 120 Mt. Ida Ave., Lancaster, Ohio; Mrs. Gilbert Kelley, RD 1, New Cumberland, W.Va.; Mrs. William D. Ford, 2324 Rochester Rd., Pittsburgh 37, Pa.; Mary Davis, R. 3, Jackson, Tenn.; Mrs. Leon Holden, Fojax Apt. 3, Mitchell, Ind. (of churches); Bob Thacker, 5804 Huntington, Lincoln, Nebr.

Mrs. Lyda E. Potter, R. 1, Box 335, Ridgefield, Wash. (of churches); Paul W. Marvin, Jr., 238 F Ave., Coronado 18, Calif.; Mrs. C. Vance Hickerson, 2514 Nolensville Rd., Nashville 11, Tenn.; Mrs. Edna Wagner, 3266 Casitas Ave., Los Angeles 39, Calif. (of churches); Mrs. Hazel C. Hoy, 1211 Silver Ave. SE, Albuquerque, N.Mex.

POSTMARKS: Mrs. William H. Rose, 120 Mt. Ida Ave., Lancaster, Ohio; Mrs. Clara Skott, 1817 Bristol St., Middleton, Wis. (especially centennial slogans); Clyde E. Hill, Box 212, Greentown, Ohio; Mrs. J. W. Asbury, 616 Benton Pl., Westfield, N.J.; Mrs. C. Vance Hickerson, 2514 Nolensville Rd, Nashville 11, Tenn.

ROCKS & MINERALS: Mrs. Elizabeth Olson, Beresford, S.Dak. (also gems, fossils).

SALT & PEPPERS: Mrs. Robert W. Hetrick, Sr., 17 Franklin St., Dansville, N.Y.

SCOUTING: Earle Bowden, 2229 Parkwood Blvd., Mentor, Ohio (wants to swap ideas with other Scoutmasters).

SCRAPBOOKS: Mrs. Duane Miller, Ensign, Kans.

SPOONS: Mrs. William H. Rose, 120 Mt. Ida Ave., Lancaster, Ohio; Mrs. Cadet York, 1310 G St., Cozad, Nebr.

STAMPS: Edmund Nelson, R. 5, Columbus, (for missions); Robert G. Dasse, 20 Franklin Meriden, Conn.; George Gregory, Jr., 6 Oak A Madison, N.J.; Mrs. Edna Wagner, 3266 Ca Ave., Los Angeles 39, Calif.; Paul M. Reece, N. Lincoln St., Mount Pleasant, Iowa; Mrs Harold Jenkins, 4509 Woodhill Rd., Hopk Minn.; Mrs. Lillian Edson, 4515 Cherokee Brookfield, Wis.

TATTING: Ida Hobble, The Methodist Chu Dodge City, Kans.

TEAPOTS: Mrs. Cadet York, 1310 G St., Co Nebr.

PEN PALS (open to age 18): Virginia Ca (16), Box 33, Flora, Oreg.; Marilyn Mickelson 4606 2nd Ave. NW, Seattle, Wash.; Penny Wi (16), 561 La Purissima Way, Sacramento Calif.; Judy Grant (15), 1617 Division, Apt. Tacoma 6, Wash.; Peggy Baker (15), R. 3, 106, Franklin, Pa.

Sona Campbell (16), R. 3, Franklin, Pa.; Bev Adams (11), 4436 Tyler St., Sioux City 6, Ia Nancy Wolf (16), Box 27, Foosland, Ill.; Su Cooper (12), c/o Hewlett Cooper, R. 4, Mu Ky.; Sherry Thomas (15), 1105 Halcyon Nashville 4, Tenn.; Carol Dowler (13), 276 St., Marion, Ohio; John W. Sublett (14), W. 2nd St. Terrace, Sedalia, Mo.

Bobby Danser (9), 2001 Burlington, Dela N.J.; Joyce Mason (11), 2532 E. 28th St., Gre City, Ill.; Virginia Andreas (17), 709 E. St., Sterling, Ill.; Carolyn Casto (17), 211 St., Charleston 2, W. Va.; Janna Beth Va (13), Box 453, Steamboat Springs, Colo.; R Huebscher (12), Abrams, Wis.; Diane Harc (10), 3841 S. Cherokee, Englewood, Colo.

Betty Campbell (17), R. 1, Box 223, Fairb Ga.; Marilyn Depue (17), 31 D'Arcy Ave., T ton 9, N.J.; Rebecca Putnam (9), Fruit Va Oswego, N.Y.; Dawn Campbell (14), Box Awendaw, S.C.; Linda Egger (11), 546 8th Fond du Lac, Wis.; Joanne Hayes (14), 303 St. NW, Fort Payne, Ala.; Margie Reeves 667 Rockaway St., Staten Island 7, N.Y.; Lou Fenske (13), R. 2, Kalispell, Mont.

Scott Hunter (10), Box 92, South Bethle N.Y.; Ann Teeter (18), 659 Northern Park Uniondale, N.Y.; Susan Bohlen (13), RR Moweaqua, Ill.

"For a change, let's get one of you just standing on the ground."

Skid Row means crime. To fight it, as MYFers learn here, police use latest communication techniques.

Out in Los Angeles

MYFers See Skid Row

SKID ROW—the end of the line for thousands of alcoholics. A dead-end street of human misery and waste, an alley of broken dreams. Every major city has its own Skid Row, a dreary stretch of cheap saloons and cheaper hotels—and the broken, burned-out men to whom life has become a meaningless nightmare.

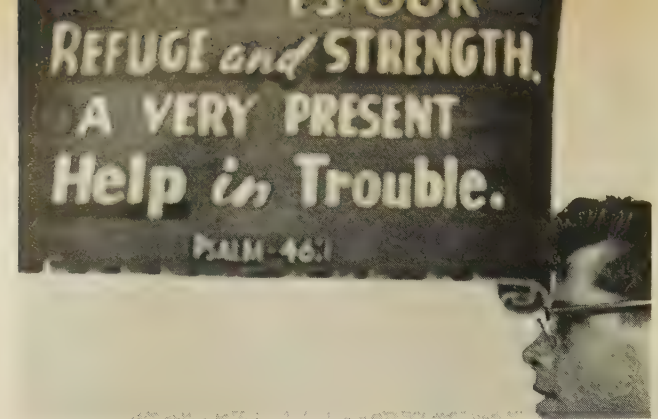
But Skid Row has another face, too. There, in tireless and selfless effort, labor its welfare workers, its policemen, and its mission staffs who offer soap, soup, and salvation in generous portions. Their fight admittedly is a steep, uphill grind—but they don't quit.

Into just such a Los Angeles area recently went 30 MYFers accompanied by a few adults. Their aim was to learn about alcoholism at its worst.

This Skid Row close-up was arranged by the Youth School of Alcohol Studies and Christian Action, conducted by the Southern California-Arizona Conference. The see-for-yourself tour highlighted a week-long school in First Methodist Church, Hollywood, where students and faculty lived and ate.

Their guides skipped nothing. The teen-agers got a solid introduction to the sights, sounds, and smells of "the street of missing men." They saw the human wreckage staggering along sidewalks and slumping in doorways; they heard the drunken threats against "snoopers"; they smelled the odor of decay. They looked in the tawdry beer parlors, the dirty rooming houses, the half-lighted restaurants. Once, too, they saw a broom-wielding clerk dart out of

Beyond these street signs, Skid Row. Here the teen-agers began their tour.



Rescue Mission, in heart of district, lines its walls with Bible verses to set tone of its work with down-and-outers.

Students, with pens and notebooks ready, get literature describing their next stop.

Time to relax: Tour is ending. Now visitors begin discussions of what they saw.

a pawnshop, trying to scare off a "
GETHER photographer.

At the Royal Palms, once a pl
hotel but now an alcoholic-rehabil
tion center, the MYFers sat in or
panel discussion of alcoholism. On
panel were two members of Alcoho
Anonymous, one guest from Al-An
(spouses of AAs), and one from
Ateens (a new group for teen-
children of an alcoholic parer
Moderator was Dr. Howard Clineb
author of *Understanding and Coun
ing the Alcoholic* (Abingdon, $3.75

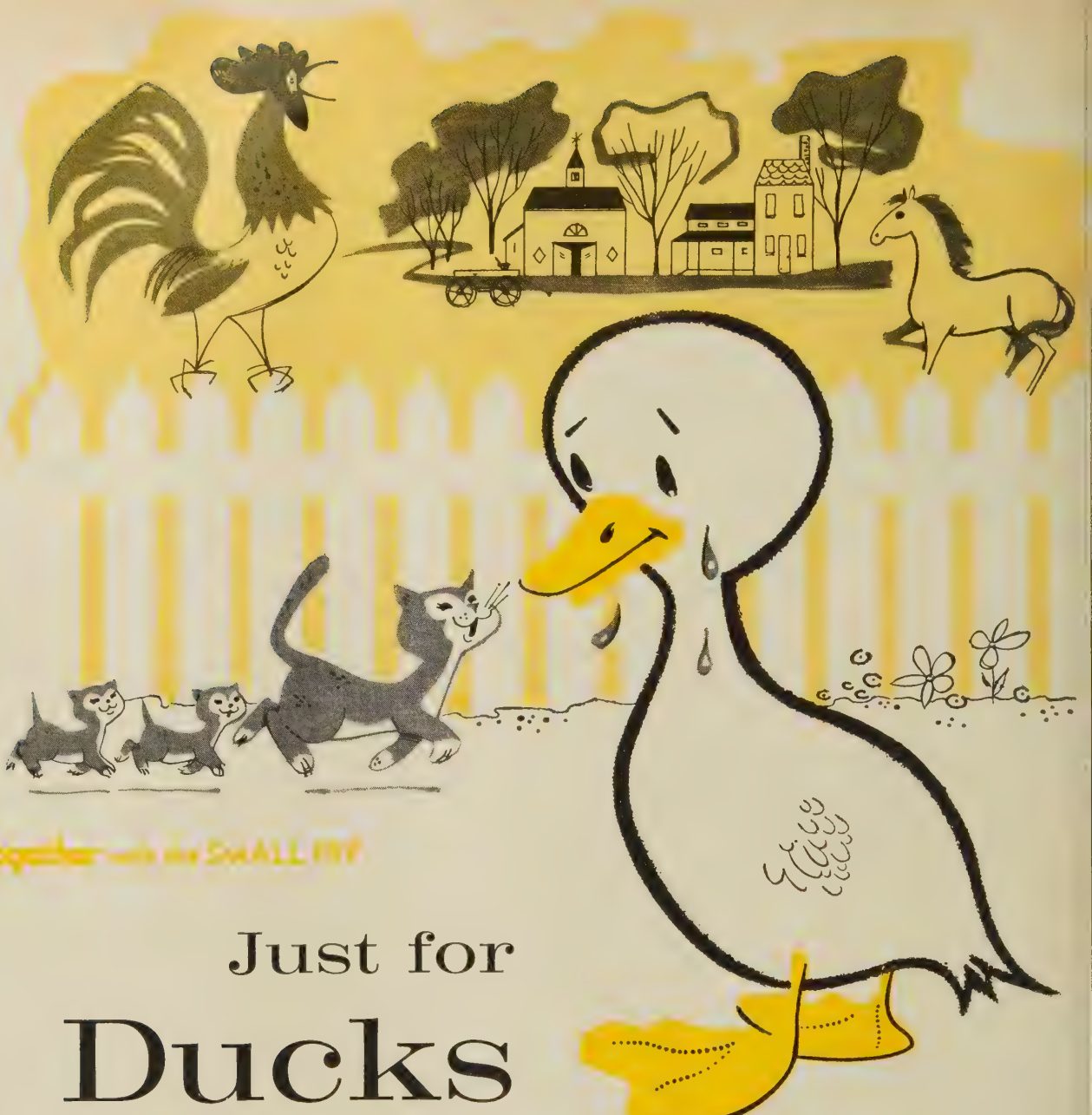
Next stop: the Union Rescue Missi
Here, where swinging doors lead
to a gin mill but to a haven
help for homeless men, the visitors s
dedicated workers ministering to
down-and-outers' needs, both physi
and spiritual. Setting the tone w
Bible verses on the walls. Nearby, t
they toured another helping hand—
U'n'I Foundation, where assistance
those broken by life's burdens is
order of the day.

In these contacts, the youthful s
dents talked with alcoholics and
formed alcoholics. They learned fi
hand how the law deals with dru
and how society attempts to meet
problems they cause. But the teen-ag
did more: they buttressed their explo
tions with workshop sessions wh
experts explained the modern theo
guiding the fight to conquer alcoholis

Typically, the opening day's g
acquainted fete was a "Party W
Punch," aimed at proving to the you
people that it's possible "to have
darn good time without alcoh
beverages." In similar vein, the "wh
of drinking was dissected for th
youths by Dr. Kenneth Carlson, pas
of the First Methodist Church in Sa
Monica, while other lecturers explain
the Christian's attitude toward dri
ing, its effects on the body, and how
resist pressures to drink. Examined, t
was the problem of what MYFers c
do about such local liquor-law violatio
as sales to minors.

What did it all add up to? A vi
glimpse of the sordidness behind
glamorous tinsel of the cocktail gl
an unforgettable insight into hum
suffering—and into the hearts of th
who are devoting their lives to help
the victims of a social tragedy.

*An age-old dra
the law steps in to curb
and help—a Skid Row wande
The curious onlook
are MYFe*



Just for Ducks

By Helen Barrett Sanders

WADDLES was a little yellow duck who lived in a barnyard. Like any proper duck, he wobbled and bobbled about with every step of his duck feet. But Waddles was very sad. He didn't want to walk like a proper duck. He didn't even want to walk like a duck at all. He wanted to be as graceful as the other barnyard animals—but he just plain waddled!

One day Waddles walked sadly about the barnyard, his head drooping on his chest and his little stubby tail pointing straight at the ground. When he reached the gate he saw the brightly feathered rooster strutting along the fence.

"Hello," said the rooster as he strutted proudly up to Waddles. "Why don't you learn to strut as I do? It's really easy. Just puff out your chest and hold your head high and strut like this," he said, showing Waddles his very best strut.

"I'll try," said Waddles eagerly, thinking what fun it would be to strut like Mr. Rooster. And off he went behind the barn where none of the d animals could see him. He hopped on some b to reach the top of the fence. Then he puffed his chest and with one proud strut—*klunk!* D he fell, right on the top of his little yellow h

"I guess strutting is just for roosters," tho Waddles as he picked himself up and fluffe his feathers. Then he waddled back to the b yard feeling very forlorn, his stubby tail more pointing straight at the ground.

Along the way Waddles met the gray mo cat, followed by her five kittens. With her h high and tail waving, she tiptoed up to Wad "Why don't you learn to tiptoe as I do?" purred. "My kittens are very little, but alr they have learned to do it. It's easy. Put your one in front of the other and wave your tail

"I'll try," said Waddles hopefully, and o went behind the barn to practice. He put one in front of the other, gave his tail a waggle,

ell down with a *smack,* right on the end of his vaggly tail!

"I guess tiptoeing is just for cats," thought Vaddles as he got to his feet and waddled sadly ack to the barnyard again.

As he reached the pasture the big white horse alloped gracefully up to Waddles. "Why don't ou learn to gallop as I do?" he asked. "It's eally very easy. I'm sure you could do it. Just vatch me." The horse kicked up his heels and his egs spun into a mighty gallop as he fairly flew ver the fields and back to the fence.

"I'll try," said Waddles, going back behind he barn once more to try galloping. "What fun t would be," he thought, "if I could gallop over he fields like Mr. Horse." He leaped into the air vith a mighty gallop, his legs spinning under him, nd *kerplunk!* Down he fell on his broad little ill!

"I guess galloping is just for horses," thought Vaddles sadly as he waddled back to the barn- ard. And feeling very lumped and bumped, he rawled into his nest early for a good night's rest.

The next morning when the barnyard animals oke up, it was such a nice day they decided to ake a walk in the country. They walked until they ame to a gnarled old oak tree beside a pond. hen they paused to rest on the cool green grass eneath the tree. While the other animals were esting, Waddles decided to take a swim in the ond. He waddled down the bank into the water nd began to swim in smooth, graceful circles round and around the pond.

All the other animals watched him and thought o themselves, "If that clumsy, waddly duck can swim so gracefully, I'm sure I can swim even etter!" So the horse, the rooster, and the cat and her five kittens pranced down to the edge of the pond and in they jumped. But what a surprise— instead of swimming gracefully, they could hardly swim at all! Such a sputtering, such a splashing, such a splishy, sploshy dashing there was in that pond! Finally the rooster managed to scramble back to shore with his tail feathers drooping. Out of the water crawled the gray mother cat and her kittens with heavy, wet fur and dripping whiskers, and the big white horse leaped out of the pond spattered with mud from his mane to his tail.

What a sight they were! They stood on the shore feeling foolish and awkward as they watched the little yellow duck swimming easily over the water.

And truly Waddles was having a wonderful time as he swam about the pond. "I guess swimming is just for ducks," thought Waddles. "Some animals can strut and some can walk on their tiptoes and some can gallop. Everyone seems to do something especially well."

Then Waddles dipped his head under the water, and he was so happy that his little stubby tail pointed straight up at the sky!

2 Poems for Summer

MORNING WALK

When I go out to take a walk
I see so many things:
I see the sunlight shining through
A butterfly's bright wings,
I try to whistle like the bird
That dips and flies and sings.

When I go out to take a walk
I watch the clouds ride by.
They look like old-time sailing ship
Against the clear blue sky.
I like to notice how each tree
Has climbed so very high.
It must be God thinks much of me
To make such things for me to see.

—GRACE NOLL CROWEI

From My Book of Prayer and Prais
© 1955, Augsburg Publishing Hous

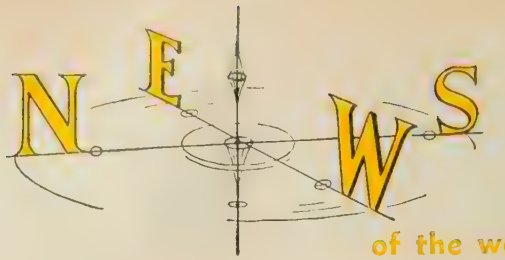
CLOUDLAND

Mother's busy cooking,
Sister sews nearby;
I am busy watching
Fleecy clouds roll by.

Castle walls and cities,
Animals and men
Come and go in Cloudland's
Wooded hill and glen.

Folks think I am idle;
I can't imagine why.
I am busy watching
Fleecy clouds roll by.

—HATTIE BLANCH KIMBALL



SUMMER CAMPS EXPECT RECORD ATTENDANCE

Methodist camps look for a new attendance record this summer. One giant boom is due in the Southern California-Arizona Conference, where camp leaders hope to enroll many more children and youths because of an intensive program to recruit and train counselors.

For three years, all Conference fifth-graders were barred from camp because of a lack of trained counselors. Other age groups also needed leaders. Camp officials asked each church to choose a person to locate potential counselors. Then, 69 experienced camp workers, traveling in teams, met with prospects to select and train them as counselors.

New programs also are developing elsewhere. Among them:

- **Oregon Conference** has instigated trail camping; older youths hike in mountain wilderness for a week, carrying food and gear on their backs.
- **Holston Conference,** in Tennessee and part of Virginia, owns a camp-equipped trailer available to church groups for travel camps.
- **Pacific Northwest Conference** owns a former dude ranch near Ellensburg, Wash., for camping.
- **Nebraska Conference** youths, by planting 500 trees, have turned Camp Fontanelle into a woodland.

Methodists in the two new states are camping in at least six sites. In Alaska, they use Eagle River Camp near Juneau, which has winter as well as summer activities, and Cleo Lake Camp near Anchorage, which includes the shoreline of a wilderness lake. In Hawaii, the original Camp Kailani, near Honolulu, is supplemented with sites on three other islands. [For pictures of Camp Kailani, see our August color pictorial, *Beachhead in Hawaii.*]

The large Methodist assembly grounds also are having a banner season. Lakeside on Lake Erie, near Sandusky, Ohio, will close the summer by launching a fund drive. Methodist Camp Ground, Des Plaines, Ill., is celebrating its centennial in July with an historical pageant, old-time socials, and costume events. And the Ocean Grove (N.J.) Camp Meeting Association is marking its 90th anniversary with summer-long festivities. [See *Methodism by-the-sea,* page 76.]

Geneva Honors John Calvin

The *son et lumière* (sound and light) technique used in the showing of French chateaux and churches to tourists is being employed this summer in Geneva, Switzerland, to mark the 450th anniversary of the birth of Protestant reformer John Calvin. Several nights a week, floodlights play on the city's huge Reformation Monument, which includes statues of Calvin and other reformers, while a voice over a loud-speaker relates incidents in Protestant history.

Also included in the celebration is the première of a film on Calvin's trips through the newly restored [illegible] where reformer John Knox preached, a reception at the Chateau du C[illegible] where the Huguenot poet Agrippa d'Aubigné lived, and picnics and a traveling fair for children.

Although born in France, Calvin spent most of his adult life in Geneva and is credited with making that city the hub of Protestantism in the 16th and 17th centuries. Today, W[illegible] Council of Churches headquarters are there.

Calvin was a leader among reformers who helped give Protestantism its many roots. In Germany, the spark that would become Lutheranism was struck by Martin Luther. In Scotland, John Knox fought to give rise to Presbyterianism.

And in England, John Wesley subsequently started Methodism within the Church of England, itself a product of the Reformation.

Geneva's Reformation Monument, 325 feet long, includes Burgundian-quartz statues: (from left) Guillaume Farel, John Calvin, Théodore de Bèze, and John Knox.

Methodist Writers to Meet

A Methodist writers' conference will be held July 14-16 at Lake Junaluska, N.C., sponsored by the Southeastern Jurisdictional Council in co-operation with TOGETHER and several Methodist agencies.

Both beginning and professional writers are expected to attend. H[illegible] Teeter, associate editor of TOGETHER, will lead a workshop on "Feature Writing for Church Publications." Other topics will include editing small magazines and church bulletins, script writing for radio and TV, and writing news stories.

Chaplains Ask Churches' H[illegible]

Methodist military chaplains, meeting in Washington, D.C., have spelled out three ways churches can help servicemen:

- Provide preinduction counseling.
- Write letters to servicemen regularly.
- Work with chaplains at nearby bases.

There are 350,067 Methodists in service, the group reported, including 491 chaplains.

Jurisdiction Gains 253,000

The eight-state South Central Jurisdiction has gained 253,000 members in 10 years. Dr. Paul Womeldorf, executive secretary, reports church-school members increased 300,420, and giving is up more than $52 million.

Methodist bishops call on President Eisenhower during semi-annual meeting in Washington, D.C. Host bishops G. Bromley Oxnam (at left) and Edgar A. Love flank the President.

Vice-President Nixon congratulates Bishop Marvin A. Franklin (right), Jackson, Miss., on his succession to Council of Bishops presidency. Bishop Oxnam, outgoing president, looks on.

World Birth Control: Indifference Ending?

Increasing discussion of planned parenthood in Protestant church circles is helping break up "the log jam of public ignorance and indifference," says Dr. R. M. Fagley, executive secretary, World Council of Churches' Commission on International Affairs.

Soon, he predicts, "people will wonder how it was possible that so many churches and governments had previously been silent on a social and moral issue of such world-wide and crucial importance." [For a comprehensive survey of the problem, see *Too Many People!* by Margaret Sanger, September 1957, page 16.]

Dr. Fagley points out that in 1959 world population is expected to increase a record 50 million—"equivalent to the total population of the United Kingdom or of Italy." He described the "desperate search for an answer" in Japan, where "legal and illegal abortions together outnumber the live births," and in India, where "in many sections parents are offered a bounty to accept sterilization after the third or fourth child."

Tillich Raps Tranquilizers

Tranquilizers reduce the "humanity" in man and his power to "go beyond himself" to new experiences, Dr. Paul Tillich, Harvard theologian, warns.

He also denounces faith healing as one of the worst abuses in religion. But, he adds, it is hard to attack because at times it is successful.

Wanted: Teachers for Africa

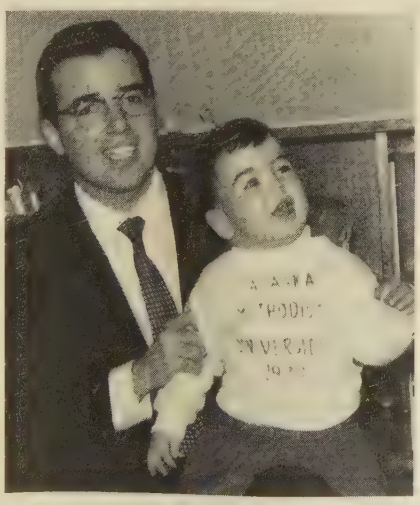
Africa's Christian schools desperately need teachers, says Bishop Newell S. Booth of Elisabethville, Belgian Congo. These schools, in his view, have a unique opportunity to train leaders for newly independent nations because they emphasize serving others—and "the responsibilities that must be carried in the next decades by the people in Africa are tremendous."

Africans are eager for education, the bishop reports, but facilities and personnel are so limited that even third-graders are being turned away.

Need Faster Growth

If The Methodist Church is to keep up with population growth it will need 2 million new members in the next 10 years. So reports Dr. Harry Denman of Nashville, head of the Board of Evangelism—who also warns that in 1958 the Church lagged; membership grew by only 1.3 per cent, while population increased 1.7 per cent.

He urges a "Decade of Discipleship for Evangelism" to emphasize prayer, Bible reading, revival witnessing, mass evangelism, visitation evangelism, teaching of Christian and Methodist beliefs to members, and starting churches.



First candidate for admission to Alaska Methodist University in 1979 is Paul, son of Pastor Ted Townsend, Seward.

Reform Labor Abuses, Methodist Board Urges

Labor reform through personal integrity, union house cleaning, law enforcement, and new legislation was proposed in a resolution adopted by the Board of Social and Economic Relations at its semiannual meeting.

The Board suggested legislation requiring that:

- Unions hold secret-ballot elections regularly (not less than every four years), "without restraint and upon due notice," and conduct business meetings "according to customary democratic procedures."
- Unions file with the Labor Department and/or state officers adequate financial reports, and furnish reports to members.
- Financial reports of pensions and health and welfare funds, including management-administered funds, be filed with authorities.
- Unions, union officers, and employers file reports of financial transactions other than bargaining agreements.
- A clear delineation of the authority of internationals and locals be established.
- A secret ballot be held on all strike votes, with due notice to members.
- Striking union members be permitted to vote in decertification elections.
- Unions be allowed to strike farmed-out work.
- Proper supervision of union trusteeships be set up.

"The concern of the church," the resolution said, "is not alone with the intentional graft and abuses that have been uncovered but also with some of the unintentional abuses that can creep into every organization and can be overlooked or concealed by the complexity of the institution."

The Board agreed to explore the

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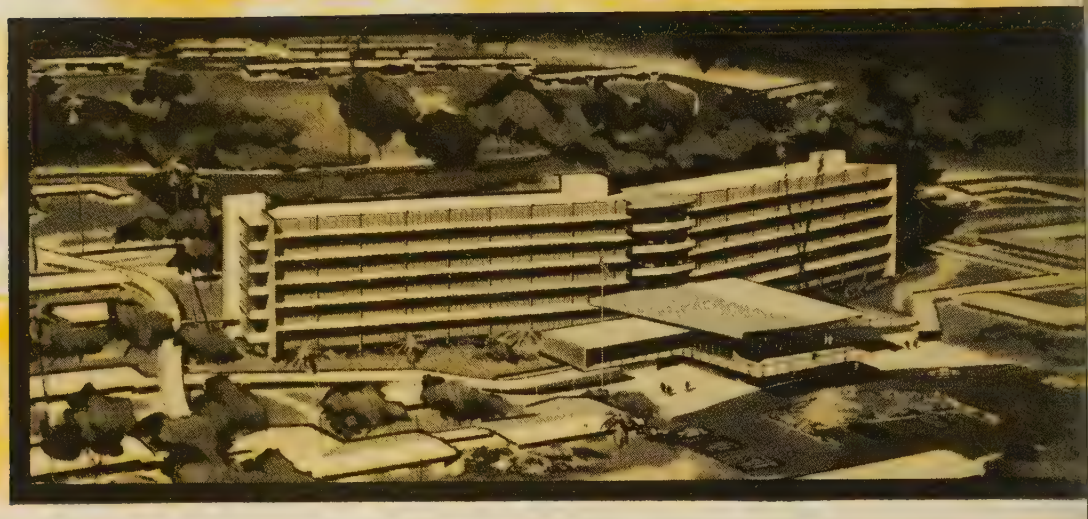

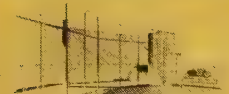

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ssibility of setting up a permanent titute of industrial relations at a ethodist university or seminary. It o authorized the publication of a ndbook on industrial relations.

rthodoxy Cool to Pope's Plea

The Eastern Orthodox Church will rticipate in the Pope's proposed umenical council only if the entire ristian world is represented. This s announced recently by Athenagoras f Istanbul, "first among equals" of e Orthodox patriarchs.

The decision was told to the U.S. nference for the World Council of urches by Archbishop Iakovos, eek Orthodox primate of North and uth America. The statement asserted: No synod can be called ecumenical less it is truly such, that is, pan-ristian."

Previous Vatican statements had iced confidence that Orthodox urches were sure to take part.

537 Miles of Methodists

An imaginary Methodist Avenue has en suggested to help visualize the e of Methodism.

Think of all churches and parsonages U.S. Methodist bodies side by side, oposes Methodist Information (Meth-ism's news agency), allowing 200 et per church and 50 feet per parson-e. The avenue would then stretch om New York City to Los Angeles, ith 79 miles of churches left over—beeline distance of 2,537 miles!

hare-Prayer Pays Off

By sharing in small prayer groups, otestants are discovering a new mean-g in their religion, the Rev. Thomas . Steen of Asbury-First Methodist hurch, Rochester, N.Y., has told a esbyterian conference on evangelism. "Small dynamic groups," he re-orted, "are discovering what Jesus ade plain and real—the need for dividuals to come alive spiritually in nall groups."

pper Room Award to Oxnam

Bishop G. Bromley Oxnam will re-ive the *Upper Room* citation for 1959, recognition of his outstanding con-ibutions to world Christian fellow-ip.

The bishop's long-time leadership nong world churchmen has included residencies of the World Council of hurches, the Division of Foreign Mis-ons, and the Methodist Council of ishops.

Vashington: Religious Capital

Washington, D.C., is fast becoming ne of the great religious centers of ne U.S., a recent survey shows. Some f the nation's largest and most beauti-

CENTURY CLUB

Methodists are long livers! Here are the names of three more who have celebrated enough birthdays to qualify for the Century Club:

Mrs. Hermina Fiscter, 100, Harrisonville, Mo.

Luther Moody, 103, Evart, Mich.

Will Waters, 102, Garden Grove, Iowa.

Names of other Methodists, 100 or older, will be published as supplied by readers.

ful churches now are located there and additional church agencies are moving to the city.

There are also many religious shrines and centers for denominational missionary and charitable efforts.

New Pentecost Window

The famous Upper Room Chapel in the Methodist Board of Evangelism building, Nashville, Tenn., has a new $27,000 stained-glass window, by d'Ascenzo Studios, depicting the story of Pentecost, or Whitsunday, celebrated on the seventh Sunday after Easter to commemorate the descent of the Holy Spirit on the apostles. The day is thought of as the birthday of the Christian church.

The window also pictures historical Christian leaders, including John and Charles Wesley.

The chapel is visited by thousands each year. It contains, too, a large wood carving of the Last Supper. Both carving and window portray events that took place in "upper rooms" of biblical times.

Working Vacationists

Young church people from all over the world, 200 from the U.S., will give up this year's summer vacations for ecumenical work camps in 27 countries.

They will pay for the privilege out of their own pockets in what the Rev. Frederick Stoerker of the National Council of Churches' Division of Christian Education calls "a graphic demonstration . . . of the concern of youth for the welfare of others."

Seek Aid for Jobless

Relief of unemployment victims has become a major concern of churches and church councils in several areas.

The Louisville Area Council of Churches, for one, urged each member church to adopt temporarily one of 65 local needy families. And in Akron, Ohio, a tour of an automobile plant

Straining to Hear?

New Book Improves Hearing

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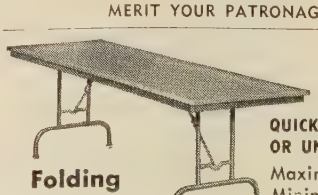

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METHODIST ALMANACK

A Miscellaney of Dates & Divers Interesting Matters for People Called Methodist

Creditors are a superstitious sect, great observers of set days and times—B. Franklin

JULY hath XXXI days — 7th Month

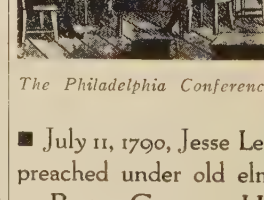
The Methodists love your big sinners, as proper subjects to work upon—Horace Walpole

1	W	Wesley off to Helvoetsluys, Holland, 1783
2	Th	Amelia Earhart lost in Pacific, 1937
3	Fr	Methodist theology faculties meet, Nashville
4	Sa	Davy Crockett visits Philadelphia, 1834 ☞
5	S	Bishop Whatcoat d., 1806, in Delaware Helped strengthen Methodism in America
6	M	William McKendree b., 1757 1st native-born American bishop
7	Tu	Hawaii annexed, 1898
8	W	John D. Rockefeller b., 1839
9	Th	U.S. flag unfurled over San Francisco, 1846
10	Fr	*The ruby is July's birthstone*
11	Sa	John Quincy Adams b., 1767 ☞
12	S	Nat. Fellowship Methodist Musicians, Dallas
13	M	Boston's 1st Methodist society, 1792
14	Tu	Methodist preachers 1st meet, 1773
15	W	Pike begins to explore West, 1806
16	Th	*Willing comes before working*
17	Fr	Missionary conference, Lake Junaluska
18	Sa	Methodist Higher Education Week
19	S	U. of Kansas names 1st faculty, 1866
20	M	*Better do nothing than do ill*
21	Tu	Methodist Town, Country Conf. Wichita
22	W	Asbury ordains Michael Leard, 1788 2nd investiture west of Alleghenies
23	Th	John Wesley's mother dies, 1742
24	Fr	Seminar for missionaries, Lake Junaluska
25	Sa	U.S. Grant, a Methodist, made maj-gen., 1863
26	S	*Great tho'ts come from the heart*
27	M	1st Protestant sermon west of Rockies, 1834
28	Tu	Civil rights amendment (14th) ratified, 1868
29	W	Church camp leaders meet, Matamoras, Pa.
30	Th	Anne Arundel Town (Annapolis) founded, 1649
31	Fr	Ecumenical mission meeting, Asilomar, Cal.

☞ On July 3, 1827, "Bible-toter Jed" Smith arrived at Bear Lake, Utah, "with skin looking as though it had been tightly pasted over the bones." His party had been given up for lost. Jedediah, a fervent Methodist, was one of first to cross South Pass, in Wyoming's Continental Divide, through which many emigrants labored; also was one of the 1st to see Great Salt Lake. "Old Jed" died at age 31.

■ Col. Crockett was a distinguished frontiersman, legislator, fighter; dictated his biography, which sold well. Stories in it were borne out by newspapers. He was feted with trips & parties in N.J. and Pa. cities, with many ovations for his talks. Songs were composed for him, special flags hoisted, plays written.

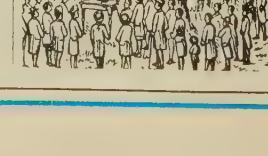
■ Presdt. Adams often worshiped at St.George's in Philadelphia; once said of the singing, "The best I ever heard except of a little Moravian society."



The Philadelphia Conference

■ July 11, 1790, Jesse Lee preached under old elm on Boston Common. He was one of Methodism's early leaders.

He sang Methodist hymns in a way that left little use for church bells to call together his congregations.



and a meeting with management been planned by the Council Churches to show ministers the pl working conditions.

In addition, the Detroit Counc Churches has presented statemen the problem to a Senate group s ing remedial legislation.

Nine—or More—New Bish To Be Elected in 1960 Ac

At least nine new bishops wi elected at the six Jurisdictional ferences in 1960. Like the General ference, which they follow, Jur tional Conferences meet every years.

The new bishops will replace B John W. Branscomb of Jackson Fla., who died January 15; seven ops who will have reached compu retirement age, and Bishop G. B ley Oxnam of Washington, D.C., has reached voluntary retirement and has announced he will retire. (bishops also may retire voluntari

Bishops are required to retire a first Jurisdictional Conference their 70th birthday and may reti the first Jurisdictional Conference their 65th birthday.

The seven who must retire next are Bishop J. W. E. Bowen, At Ga.; Bishop D. Stanley Coors, St. Minn.; Bishop Willis J. King, Orleans, La.; Bishop W. Earl Le Syracuse, N.Y.; Bishop Arthu Moore, Atlanta, Ga.; Bishop Fred B. Newell, New York City, and B A. Frank Smith, Houston, Tex.

Bishop Branscomb's death red the number of active U.S. bishops the normal 38 to 37. But the N eastern and South Central Jurisdic each qualify to add one more bi Action, therefore, may be taken year to add one or two additional ops there.

Asks Stronger Philippine

Stronger Philippine-U.S. co-oper is being urged by Mrs. Asuncion H Philippine Wesleyan College presi who is visiting in the U.S.

"The newspapers," the Meth leader recently said, "tell of c tensions between the Philippines the U.S., whose soldiers shared fox in World War II . . . I ask you sympathetic with us. Even thoug spirit of nationalism is high in my try, we must not lose sight of th that our countries and our people friends."

'Pen Pals' Speak Up

Some Milwaukee, Wis., Meth youngsters now can list among "pen pals" former President He Hoover and Mrs. Eleanor Roos The children, from Elm Grove

munity Methodist Church, wrote the two, asking for their views on the sharing of U.S. surplus food with other countries.

Replied Mr. Hoover, "It would be humane and would, incidentally, save the taxpayers money if we would say to any nation in need, 'Bring your ships; come and get it free.'"

Mrs. Roosevelt called it "wasteful and unmindful" for the U.S. to continue to store surplus food indefinitely.

Start 'Year's Study Abroad'

Five Methodist college students will study in other countries during the 1959-60 school year under a new Year's Study Abroad program sponsored by the Methodist Student Movement and the Board of Missions.

The students, all undergraduates: Carolyn Mork, Hamline University, St. Paul, Minn., to International Christian University, Tokyo, Japan; Robert M. Stoppert, Albion College, Albion, Mich., also to ICU; Rebecca Williams, Eastern Washington College, Cheney, Wash., to University of Mexico, Mexico City; Winifred Lowsma, Ferris Institute, Big Rapids, Mich., to University of Hawaii, Honolulu, and Frances Arrowood, Winthrop College, Rock Hill, S.C., to Isabella Thoburn College, Lucknow, India.

Leaders hope 10 students may study abroad in 1960-61.

1960s Crucial for Church

The Board of Evangelism now is gearing its planning to the entire 1960-69 decade. That period, says general secretary Dr. Harry Denman, will determine whether The Methodist Church "will become a church to reach the masses to do God's will . . . or a church of suburbia permeated and saturated by the will of secular man."

Board members outlined 10-year objectives at their recent annual meeting. Included were deepening the church's spiritual life, working for a world conference on evangelism as a prelude to a world crusade, and starting a movement to win college students.

Aid Flood Victims

Methodists in Uruguay are aiding more than 45,000 flood victims with clothing, money, food, and other necessities. Churches and homes are taking in refugees, and pastors, missionaries, and deaconesses are caring for the needy.

Transatlantic Pulpit Swap

Five U.S. Methodist ministers have traded churches for the summer with four British pastors and one Austrian. Each is living in the other's parsonage, driving his car, even assuming his luncheon engagements, in addition to

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Ten Lamps

To Light My Son's Path

By HERBERT E. RICHARDS
Pastor, First Methodist Church, Boise, Idaho

1. Approach thy calling in life with diligence and patience, and in every way prepare to be productive for yourself and worthy of the esteem of your fellow men.

2. Learn to laugh when confusion enters your mind and setbacks press upon you. Gloom is but an added burden when you have much to carry.

3. Respect your body. Care for it as the temple of your soul. Live each day with pleasant regularity. Be selective in your diet, steady in your exercise, and a guardian of your "rest time."

4. Be natural. Seek not to be someone you are not. Emulate the great, but be great within yourself. Inner strength protects you from attacks without.

5. Be frugal in money matters. Keep your desires circumspect. Spend only those moneys which are yours. Contain your expenses within your daily income. In spending money, look to your needs, not to your neighbor.

6. Do not be fretful for tomorrow. Worry is chaotic to the mind and poison to the soul.

7. Meet life and God every day in the people you meet hour by hour, the birds you hear morning by morning, the stars you observe by night. In this rapport you become a citizen of the universe.

8. Seek service, not happiness. Happiness will be your reward only if you walk the path of fruitful endeavor and sacrificial living.

9. Show courage in the face of temptation and guile. Observe the desires of men and turn from them. Observe the beauty of woman, learn of her, but respond to her charms only as God would bless, and in a way that will build your character and hers.

10. Be faithful! Faithful to all who trust you, faithful to the God who created you, for only in this way can you win respect; only in this way can you understand the soul of the universe that will make your destiny glorious.

My son, my prayer is lifted that you will follow these precepts without ostentation and, when your son comes of age, you will pass them on to him that they may be imprinted on his heart. Through you and these "ten lamps," I pray he may learn of me and of the Father of us all.

performing pastoral duties. The obje to give congregations and minist better understanding of persons fr other countries.

Arranged by the World Metho Council, the exchange involves the lowing pairs: the Rev. C. C. Herb Jr., High Point, N.C., and the R A. R. Ankers, Wolverhampton, E land; the Rev. Virgil C. Jump, Cle land, Ohio, and the Rev. John Ban Birmingham, England; the Rev. Ha Vanderpool, Snyder, Tex., and the R J. H. Blamey, Ipswich, England; Rev. Clifford Zirkel, Jr., Edna, T and the Rev. David Pike, Ilkey, E land, and the Rev. Auburn J. Carr, swich, Mass., and the Rev. Ferdina Mayr, Vienna.

Alaska U. Building Going U

A $1,624,000 development progr for Alaska Methodist University Anchorage has been approved by tr tees, with completion expected by f 1960. [See *Methodism's Stake in Newest State,* January, 1959, page 3

The first building will rise this su mer and fall, with the cornerstone l ing set for July 12 during a Metho laymen's tour of Alaska. It will se at first as an all-purpose unit, and la will house the science department.

Asks Tighter Smut Law

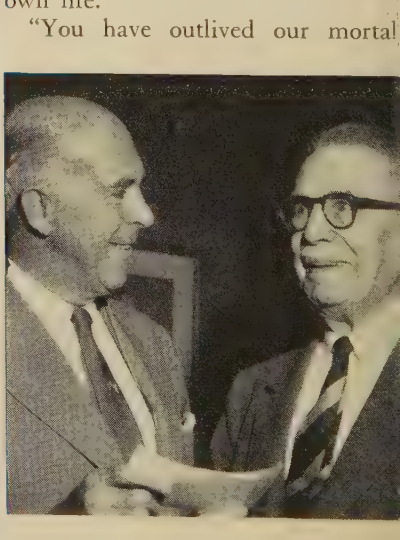
Stronger legislation to curb a $5 million business in obscene matter usi U.S. mails is being urged by Postmas General Arthur E. Summerfield.

More than 50,000 complaints w received in 1958 from ministers a others, he recently reported, and 2 purveyors were convicted.

Bishop, 96, Is Own Beneficia

Bishop Herbert Welch, retired, w at 96 is the oldest Methodist bish recently became the paid-in-full be ficiary of three insurance policies on own life.

"You have outlived our mortal



Bishop Welch (right) receives ins ance-policy check from L. W. Daws

ple," said Louis W. Dawson, insurce executive, at a luncheon honoring e occasion. "Only 14 out of 100,000 nericans attain your age."
Mrs. Welch, original beneficiary, died t September at 91.

lly Graham Meets the Devil!

Billy Graham has come face to face th the devil.
It happened at Sydney University, ıstralia, after he told a student dience, "You and I should strike our ıtches so our faith in God will glow."
ımediately there was a loud noise, a ff of smoke curled up, and the devil peared, complete with horns and tail.
ıe red-clad figure shook hands with e evangelist, who laughingly gave m a Bible, put his hand on his oulder, and began showing him the ay to salvation.
Later, the devil revealed himself as student celebrating Commemoration eek, a time for undergraduate pranks.

lethodists Quiz Sheen

In an unusual program at First hurch, Shreveport, La., some 800 ethodists recently quizzed Roman atholic Bishop Fulton J. Sheen. athered for a Wednesday Church ight, they listened as he spoke to em from New York over a special lephone hookup. He delivered a 40-inute sermon, then answered such ıestions as, "Will freedom of ligion suffer if Catholics become a ajority in the U.S.?"
To this one, he responded that free ill would continue to reign. "Catholics roughout the world are dying for eedom," he said, "and we will conıue to do so."
The session was so well received, eclared Dr. D. L. Dykes, Jr., pastor, at "the relationship between Catholic ıd Protestant people throughout ıreveport has been definitely bet-red."
The church also has used the arngement for conversations with Dr. orman Vincent Peale, author Jim ishop, and others.

ducator No. 1 Layman

The president of American Universi-, Dr. Hurst R. Anderson, has been lected as the Methodist Layman of the ear by the Methodist Union, a lay roup, in Washington, D.C.
Dr. Anderson was cited for mature nderstanding, genuine leadership, and rnest application of the Christian ith, and recognized as "one of the ıtstanding leaders of education."

atholicism Wins Book Award

The Riddle of Roman Catholicism, y Jaroslav Pelikan, has won the 1959 bingdon Award given by Abingdon

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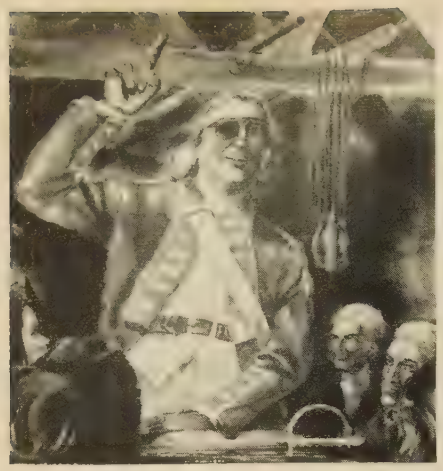

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Press, book-publishing agency of the Methodist Publishing House. The author receives $10,000, plus $2,500 advanced against royalties. Dr. Pelikan is co-author of the motion picture *Martin Luther.*

Social Relations: New Ideas

Recommendations on Christian social relations have been adopted by the Woman's Division of Christian Service. Among them:

- That the General Conference make mandatory in the local church a Commission on Christian Social Relations.
- That the Division determine the forces which shape the character of children as the basis for a 1962-63 study course.
- That it seek data on the increased employment of women.

NEWS DIGEST . . .

KOREAN CITATIONS. Two Methodist missionaries have been cited by the Korean government for helping found the country's chaplain corps. They are Dr. William E. Shaw of Delaware, Ohio, and the Rev. Carl W. Judy of Charleston, W. Va.

MORE NEGRO MEMBERS. Methodist Central Jurisdiction churches increased members by 10,630 in a recent bishops' crusade.

TV CENSORS. Though exempt from censoring fees, religious and charitable TV films in Kansas now must be approved by state censors.

NEW LEGAL HOLIDAY? Good Friday would be a legal holiday under a law proposed to Congress by Rep. Leonard Wolf (D.-Iowa).

BUYING BUILDING. TRAFCO (Methodist Television, Radio, and Film Commission) is buying its headquarters building in Nashville, Tenn., for $134,000 from the Protective Insurance Agency.

GIVES ARTS AWARD. Poet Robert Frost is first recipient of Dickinson College's first annual arts award, a medallion and $1,000 in cash, for distinguished achievement in the arts, letters, or humanities.

CANCER VICTIM'S FAITH. The Rev. Clark J. Moushon, pastor of Brooke Road Church, Rockford, Ill., has written a pamphlet telling how a cancer victim, factory worker Leonard Renberg, used the last months of his life painting Christ in oils. His object: to leave something that might be "a turning point in the lives of people." Three paintings are on exhibit at the church.

CHANGE DATE. Opening d
the 1960 North Central Jurisdi
Conference has been advanced
July 7 to July 6. Delegates, whos
will include electing at least one
op for the Jurisdiction, will meet
Grand Rapids, Mich., Civic
torium until July 10.

METHODIST EDITOR. R
Catholic Seattle University next
will have a Methodist as editor
student newspaper. Waldene G.
merman, member of First Church
lington, Wash., will direct oper
of the 2,400-circulation weekly.

LUTHERANS GAIN. The
Lutheran churches that will unite
year to form a new body calle
American Lutheran Church no
port a 1958 combined baptized
bership of 2,191,327, a 70,960 in
over 1957. The three: Evang
Lutheran Church, 1,119,121; the p
American Lutheran Church, 1,00
United Evangelical Lutheran Ch
67,032.

BISHOP'S SON HEADS H
Paul Hammaker, new Montgo
Ward president, is the son of H
Wilbur E. Hammaker, retired,
ington, D.C.

CAMERA CLIQUE

Winning Ways: *You probably notice several photographs chosen to illustra Country 'tis of Thee' (page 36-44) we taken at the novice's favorite shooting high noon on a sun-bright day. For in Warren G. Howell rolled out of bec before dawn to make his breath-taking scene on pages 40-41, shot high up on foot Mt. Adams in the state of Wash Dr. Rodger A. Moon, whose Manhatt pression is on page 39, "nearly froz frosty December evening while setting tripod on Fifth Avenue. And W. G. Cl utilized a rainy day to get the gentle, like portrait of Yosemite's Bridal Vei River on page 42. All of which prove striking color photography is possible most any time. Try it; you may find y a winner in our new reader-invitation torial. For details, please see page 4.*

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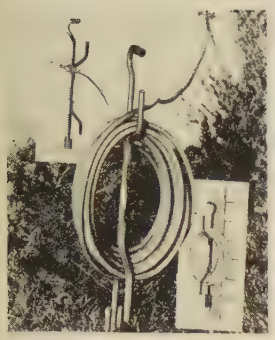

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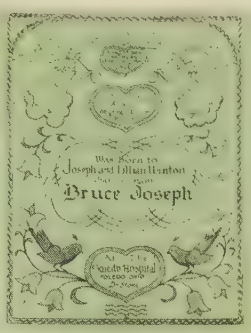

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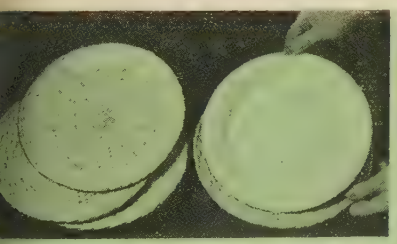

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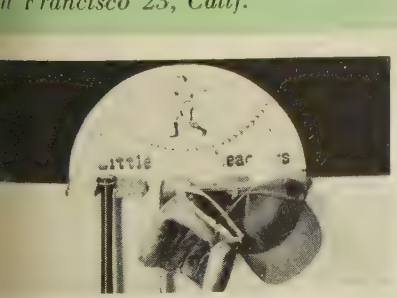

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nset House, 65 Sunset Bldg., verly Hills, Calif.

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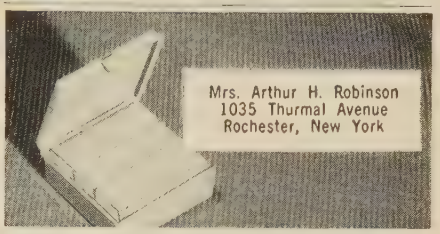
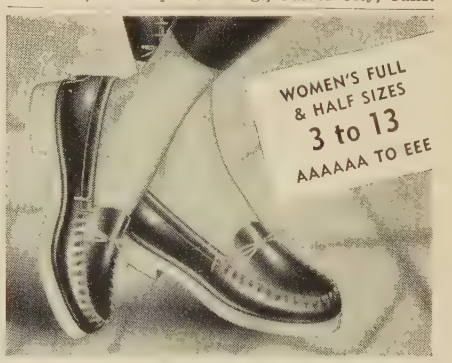
Yet anyone can operate this new Plumbers Flushing Gun which releases air pressure on a solid shaft of water cleaning the most stubborn stoppages up to 200 feet. TOILETS, SINKS, URINALS, BATHTUBS, FLOOR DRAINS, and HOUSE-TO-STREET SEWERS clogged with Grease, Rags, Sand, Roots, and paper melt away instantly when struck by the Hammer-like blow of this new unit.
There is no need to remove wall or pipe, or Grease Trap. A special attachment allows water to flow from the faucet through the Gun while air is released on the pipe. Vents or stacks are no obstacle, as force tends to strike wherever the water lays. But now, what is this Plumbers Flushing Gun worth in COSTLY PLUMBING BILLS SAVED? Tear this Ad out—and write your name and address beside it for FREE BOOKLET. Obey that urge. No agent will call. A postcard will do (Chicago Phone Kildare 5-1702) MILLER SEWER ROD CO., Dept. TG-7 4640 N. Central Ave., Chicago 30, Illinois

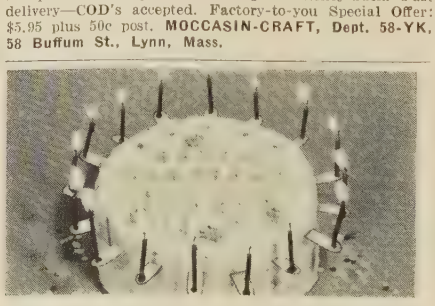


1000 NAME & ADDRESS LABELS $1
Any 3 Different Orders $2 ppd.

Sensational bargain! Your name and address handsomely printed on 1000 finest quality gummed labels. Padded. Packed with FREE, useful Plastic GIFT BOX. Use them on stationery, checks, books, cards, records, etc. *Beautifully printed* on finest quality gummed paper—1000 only $1. SPECIAL—SAVE MONEY! ANY 3 DIFFERENT ORDERS $2. Makes an ideal gift. If you don't agree this is the buy of the year, we'll refund your money in full. HANDY LABELS, 734 Jasperson Bldg., Culver City, Calif.



LIKE WALKING ON AIR—bouncy foam crepe soles. Over 223 sizes in stock! Choice leather, handlaced, flexible, smartly styled and quality made. Red, Smoke, Taffytan, White. No extra charges for the hard-to-fit! All purchases subject to exchange or money-back. Fast delivery—COD's accepted. Factory-to-you Special Offer: $5.95 plus 50c post. MOCCASIN-CRAFT, Dept. 58-YK, 58 Buffum St., Lynn, Mass.



Cake Halo—For a perfectly angelic birthday party, halo the cake. Clever transparent plastic *invisible candleholders* press into sides of the cake. Candles seem to float. Won't mar the pretty lettering or flowers, or drip on the frosting. 48 for $1.
Handy Gifts, 53 Jasperson Bldg., Culver City, Calif.

Bright early-morning sun limns hotels and rooming houses on a quiet street in Ocean Grove,

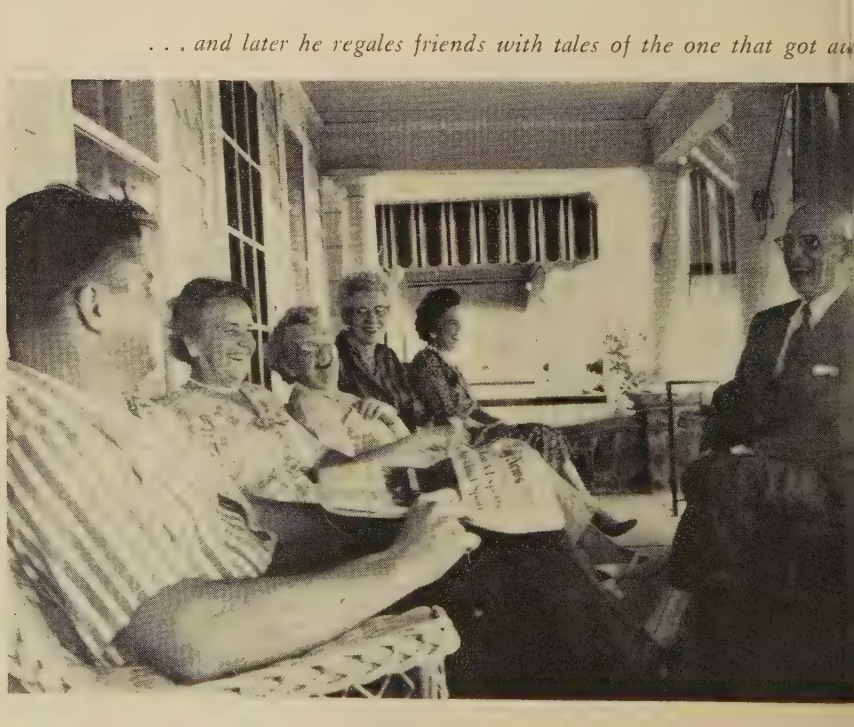
Methodism by-the-sea

OCEAN GROVE, N.J., is only minutes from Times Square. It is than two hours from Philadelphia several other teeming East Coast ci Yet the moment you enter this square spiritual retreat, you sense here is something unique. For Methodist-owned Ocean Grove spirit of the old-time camp meet has been perpetuated; it is as rest yet as spiritually bracing, in 1959 was in 1869.

Here, frantic fun-seeking gives to a more leisurely mode of life; cities' towering skyscrapers to old torian homes and rows of small

A surf fisherman's line sings out to sea. His big catch is watched with interest by kibitzers on the boardwalk . . .

. . . and later he regales friends with tales of the one that got a



Cordial informality and mild exercise on the shuffleboard court appeal not only to year-round residents, but to camp-meeting visitors.

Colorful beach umbrellas blossom on Saturday, but fade away on Sunday when bathing is prohibited.

Big event at summer's end is the annual 10-day camp meeting which usually jam-packs Ocean Grove's 8,000-seat auditori

"Marching around Jerusalem": a traditionally colorful, reverent procession to local churches closes the historic meetings.

tages. For Ocean Grovers, sum usually means strolls on the boardw lazing in the sun, or fishing in the s But it also means a summer-long endar of religious events. In this pe ful setting you find many senior citiz among them retired missionaries ministers, as well as young people other vacationers. But young or all seek spiritual sustenance, combi for most with physical recreation.

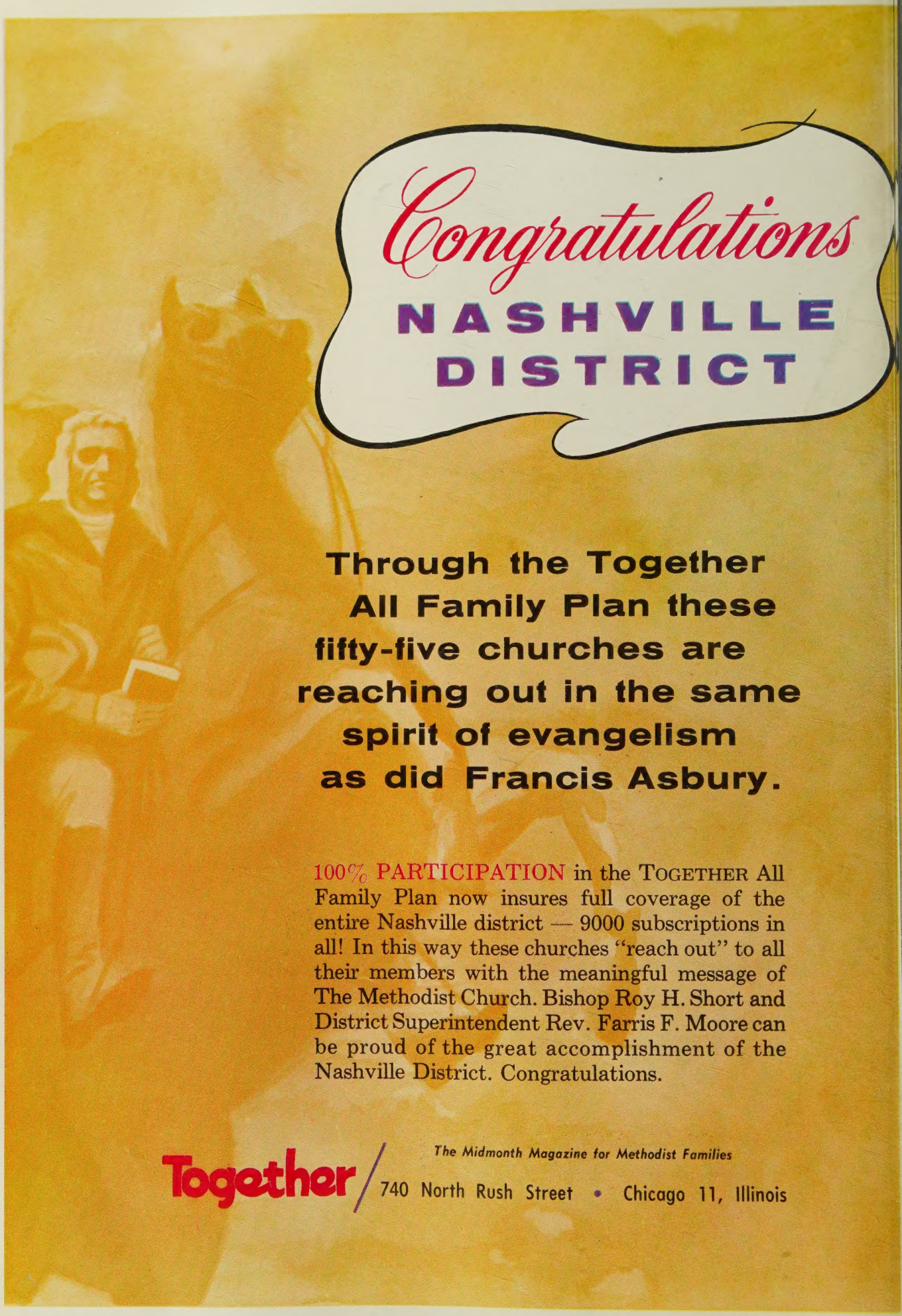
In some respects Ocean Grove ha changed since it was founded 90 y ago by an association of Methodist m isters and laymen as "a proper, venient, and desirable permanent c meeting ground and Christian sea resort." A similar association maint Ocean Grove today; as in the swimming and automobile driving are forbidden on Sundays.

The community's heart is its g auditorium where thousands ga each year for the 10-day camp mee which precedes Labor Day. This is year's pinnacle for Ocean Grove, M odism-by-the-sea, where life some is more restful—and more meanin

ALWAYS IN SUMMER

Always in summer, down this quiet street,
Tow-headed ten-year-olds with balls and bats
Pursue great matters, dusty-footed, fleet.
Slim rays of gold they are; no shirts, no hats,
Identical as sunbeams to my view.
As indistinguishable from one another
As blades of grass or leaves, appearing new
And eager as if earth contained no other.
Each summer brings its limitless supply
Of sunlit ten-year-olds and sunlit sky.

—JANE MERCHANT



Through the Together All Family Plan these fifty-five churches are reaching out in the same spirit of evangelism as did Francis Asbury.

100% PARTICIPATION in the TOGETHER All Family Plan now insures full coverage of the entire Nashville district — 9000 subscriptions in all! In this way these churches "reach out" to all their members with the meaningful message of The Methodist Church. Bishop Roy H. Short and District Superintendent Rev. Farris F. Moore can be proud of the great accomplishment of the Nashville District. Congratulations.

Together / *The Midmonth Magazine for Methodist Families*
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